THE Universalist Leader

Boston October 7, 1922 Chicago

National Layman's Sunday
October 22, 1922

The Church for the Men — The Men for the Church

SUNDAY, October twenty-second next, is announced as National Layman's Sunday. By unanimous vote of the Council of Executives Layman's Sunday has been placed permanently on the Denominational Church Calendar for the third Sunday in October of each year. True enough, this means the observance of the day a second time in 1922, but it was thought wise for many reasons to make this shift, and it was better to have the event celebrated twice in one year than to allow eighteen months to go by without any observance of the day at all.

The change is most fortunate and advantageous in many ways. Perhaps the most important consideration is that the October date brings our men and the Comrades' work before the Church as a whole at the beginning of the year's activities instead of leaving them in the background until the end of the season, when all aggressive work is slowing up.

This year our men have their chance at the head of the procession. With their presence in the pews in large numbers, with the selected ones in charge of the service giving their messages of cheer and challenge, our men are afforded an opportunity to give both direction and dynamic to the life of the entire Church for the whole year.

Our ministers and people everywhere are testifying to the great value of Laymen's Sunday. It is a day that will grow in significance and possibilities as the observance of it develops.

Comrades, men, everywhere throughout the Universalist Church, call on your minister and offer to do your part on Layman's Sunday. Ministers, one and all, call on your men to take charge of the program in your church for the day. Put the reins in the hands of your men. They will gladden your hearts and cause the people to rejoice. Let us make the day as great as its possibilities. Further particulars and suggestions later.

Ralph W. E. Hunt,
President Universalist Comrades.

Fred C. Carr,
National Secretary.

The Universalist Leader

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Μιγμα

An earnest and devoted missionary will endure absence from the home-land, queer and unpalatable food, all sorts and kinds of unheard and unthought of inconveniences, to carry the Gospel to the heathen, but no one can be found to preach the word of God to country people, if he has to do without the conveniences of electricity, running water, and a bath room. (*"A Country Woman," in Congregationalist.*)

υ λ

Meantime the most hopeless element in the case is the fact that it is becoming almost impossible to escape the jazz band and the small restaurant orchestra. In every hotel in America and England it goes on interminably. One can not get out of the sound of it. In every restaurant is a string band fiddling out ragtime or musical comedy airs. All this is of course death to music. Boys and girls growing up in it are never going to like music any more than boys and girls brought up on the comic pages of the Sunday papers are ever going to like literature. (*Frederick Lynch.*)

υ λ

It is well to remind France that her recent relations with the Turks will estrange millions of Americans who have helped generations of Christians, both Armenians and Greeks, with profound sympathy. (*Henry Morgenthau.*)

υ λ

Whatever the purpose of the *Literary Digest*, it is not a healthy thing for a journal of information to send out a questionnaire which encourages men and women to believe that they ought to keep on fighting the Constitution. (*Christian Evangelist.*)

υ λ

That admirable administrator, Governor Miller of New York . . . agrees absolutely with Mr. Gompers in his abhorrence of "compulsory work," and does not hesitate to say that it is slavery to force a man to labor when he prefers to leave his job. But the Governor also sees clearly, and is unafraid to say that workingmen who are engaged in producing the necessaries of life can not be permitted to conspire together to rob or terrorize the public. That would be "to set up a tyranny within the state—a thing fully as intolerable and abhorrent as slavery itself." (*Reformed Church Messenger.*)

υ λ

If it were possible to punish the man who sells the liquor for the crime committed by the man who drinks it, there would be less trouble about enforcing the eighteenth amendment. (*Friends Intelligencer.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

An apple in hand is worth half a dozen peaches behind the window.

* *

The editor is going South to settle the coal question from an unprejudiced point of view.

* *

If conditions do not improve we shall have every pessimist turned into an optimist because they do not.

* *

We spend a great deal of life just trying to die a notable death. And then how quickly are we forgotten!

* *

It is easier to carry a bucket of water on either shoulder than to carry a single glass of booze within—we have been told!

* *

Some people have about as much sense as the frog which came up out of the river to get under a big leaf because it rained.

* *

Co-operation is good, but there is too much shirking of personal responsibility by putting everything off on the organization.

* *

We are not sure but this coal shortage is part of the conspiracy of the Fundamentalists to interest the people in a place of higher temperature.

* *

It seems that in New York it is far more profitable to invest in a broken leg on a good corner, than it is to invest in gilt edged stock in Wall Street.

* *

There should be a good big bonus coming to every minister, but the ministers are praying that there will be no effort to put it through Congress.

* *

The mathematician can figure to the minute when the people will have all the Fords and Ford will have all the money, but then who is to pay for the gas?

* *

The query is: How are a few patriotic Germans getting richer and richer all the time while other patriotic Germans are going hungry? And that query is not foreign to other lands.

* *

Yes, those morbid old-fashioned hymns of the long ago produced religious dyspepsia undoubtedly, but it is astonishing how many very good people not only survived them, but turned out pretty fair Christians.

* *

A sacrilegious paper announces that in the churches of Russia the deacons drive an eight ton truck through the aisles to gather the collection, and then the minister complains because he does not get a living wage!

* *

A Tragedy and a Question

A good man, a useful citizen, was shot and instantly killed in a suburb of Boston only a few days ago, as he went to the aid of two other men who had been shot and seriously wounded by the same drink-crazed man. The policemen who arrested the murderer found him with a shotgun which he had just reloaded in one hand and a bottle of liquor in the other. The voters of Massachusetts, at the coming state election, will find on the ballot a question, submitted according to the provisions of the referendum law, asking if an act providing for the enforcement of prohibition shall become law. If we are to judge Massachusetts by the result of the *Literary Digest's* poll on prohibition the answer will be in the negative, for of the more than thirty-five thousand people in the state who thought it worth while to mark and return the ballots sent them, only 13,029 voted for strict enforcement. But *is* that the answer of Massachusetts?

Good News from the Air

It came as a wireless relayed from ship to ship way across the Pacific, and then by telegraph from Vancouver, telling the good news that our new missionary to Japan and his family were about to land at their destination, where we know they will receive a warm welcome from the members of our Church. And there will be a lifting of some anxious thought from the hearts of those of us who stayed at home, to know that our representatives are well and accepting the wonderful challenge of opportunity. But we are even more impressed with what this adventure of faith by these young people may and should mean to us. We in a way shift a big burden off our own shoulders upon theirs and we expect them to carry it with a smile. All right, so be it! But we must do our share, and that is to pay the bills, and we must pay them with a smile, and enough cash so that there need never be a an anxious moment in the lives of those we have sent to represent us. Some of the heroics in missions are

not across the big-sea waters, but right in our own local churches and our homes.

A Battle Royal

That is what this discussion of Fundamentalism is going to be. Together with others we thought it but a theological shower and soon over, but in the churches most interested the situation becomes more intensified. Dr. Fosdick of New York, in good standing and "Orthodox" enough to hold his fellowship, preached a sermon which for clarity of thought and reverence of spirit should have commanded universal support, for he showed the way, a reasonable way, and a scriptural way, under a wise interpretation, by which people could maintain both their respect for religion and their self-respect. But one of his brethren in the ministry, a minister whose chief asset is his sensationalism, comes forth with a bitter attack and a challenge to a debate. At first thought it seemed the promise of a battle royal, but on second thought it occurs to us that these two can not get near enough to each other to hit, and so it will be fighting the air. But all the same the battle is far from over, and the issue grows in importance, for a reasonable and reverent Christianity which alone can redeem the world, is at stake.

Dugouts in Deserted Battlefields

A very significant phrase from a speech by Lloyd George at a recent church luncheon of the Free Church people in London comes across the seas to us. This many-sided man fights hard when the war is on, but just now he is fighting just as hard that war may be no more. So he came to these church-men desiring them to get right down to the immediate need of the hour. Incidentally, according to the report in the *Christian Century*, "the Premier chaffed the warriors who dig themselves into the dugouts of deserted battlefields. The battle may be raging miles away, but they are faithful to the old dugouts, and they accuse others of deserting the cause because they move where the battle goes. As for himself, the Prime Minister declares, he wanted to be wherever the battle was raging at the moment. This meant, interpreted into practical politics, that the Free Churches ought to awake to the fact that the battle of the hour in the public life of the world was the fight for peace. There were many adversaries, many were busy strewing the world with explosives. It was necessary to put under lock and key those who spread explosives, and particularly those who drop matches. One thing is clear to all who feel the call to fight for international peace. It will be a fight in no idle use of the word."

* *

WHY DID HE DO IT?

A GOOD man went wrong; it was a surprise to the community and continued a source of speculation through many long weeks. The wrong was not so very big; if almost any other man had been guilty of it, the shadow would soon have passed, but this was a man noted for his goodness, his integrity, and especially his religion. There were those in and out of the church who when they heard of it exclaimed that they wanted nothing more to do with the church, for this good man who went wrong was so identified with the church that, when he fell, he carried the church down with him. It was a community disaster and the pitiful exclamation everywhere was, Why did he do it?

It is a curious and significant thing that when some one who was a real friend broke through his reserve and got him to talk, his pitiful cry was like all the rest, "Why did I do it?" This is a specific case which need not be carried further, as it introduces the question we are forced to consider and try to answer. Good men go wrong, religious men go wrong—those who have been prominent in all departments of church work, who seemed to live and breathe in the very atmosphere of religion, any way of the church. And is not here the key word? They were everything in the church, but when it came to the test, religion was nothing in them; the church, instead of being the instrument of transition of religion into life, stood in substitution. That is, there are a good many Pharisees, not deliberate, but very largely unreasoning, who catalogue their religious possessions as so many hours in attendance upon worship, so many prayers in public and so many in private, so much teaching of obstreperous Sunday school children, so much money given to the cause, so much collected from other people, so often having refrained from worldly pleasures. The trial balance seems to show a well stocked religious man, and yet when temptation of a certain kind came, the man fell. Why did he do it?

Simply because while he possessed some religion in its material form, the religion did not possess him; his religion was purely decorative, on the outside, it had no commanding place in his life. Probably no people had a greater amount of "religion" before the opening of the world-war, than the Germans, but it had ceased to have anything to do with the lives of the people. They fell. Because so many other peoples stood measurably in the same relation to religion, we all fell down, and great was the fall of the world! We had religion, but we did not put it at work.

The bread of our plate will not sustain life until we eat and assimilate it. We look at the man who stares while he has an abundant supply of food with amazement; why does he starve? Simply because while he possesses food he does not eat it. So this good and religious man fell, because he did not use his own resources for standing. We may as well recognize that this religion we are preaching and working for is a practical thing and will work, or it is not worth the effort. We work long to get men to say, "I believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." Do we follow up this achievement with the questions: "Do you mean what you say? Do you believe all this through all relations of life and in every experience?" That man we have been thinking about did not make his religion a real thing in his own soul. And he fell.

The man who thinks he can take an inventory of his religious beliefs up to heaven and expect to get in, has a great surprise awaiting him. The man who thinks the printed certificate of church membership will carry him safely through life is very sure to fall. Water will quench thirst, food will sustain life, when rightly used. Religion will keep us from falling, but it must be a real religion, not a paper theology, and must be assimilated by the man.

Christian Fundamentals

The Rev. Frank Durward Adams, D. D.

"Every one therefore that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, who built his house upon the rock." Matthew 7 : 24.

YOU will recognize this text as the sentence with which Jesus begins his conclusion of the Sermon on the Mount. He had been discussing fundamentals. He had run the whole gamut of human duties and privileges. We wish sometimes that more of that wonderful discourse had been reported, for of course we have here only an outline of it. But there is never a superfluous word in what we do have. And it would be impossible to conceive a conclusion more fitting and impressive. The contrasting pictures of the wise man who built upon the rock, and the foolish man who built upon the sand, are pictures we can never forget.

Now a large part of our misunderstandings is caused by inaccurate use of words. This is especially true of the terms fundamental and fundamentalist. A woman in my parish, on reading an editorial in a religious journal on this subject, remarked that she rather liked the word "fundamentalist," that it had such a good, solid, substantial sound. The woman was right. It is a good word. And that is why we must be sure we are using it accurately and fairly.

What does the word fundamental mean? As a common noun, I mean, spelled with a small f. According to the dictionary, a fundamental is something indispensable, primal, basic, essential. That is, whatever lies at the bottom of anything is a fundamental; whatever furnishes the basis of any theory is a fundamental. It will help at this point to remember that fundamental and foundation really mean the same thing, coming primarily from the same Latin root, *fundus*, from the verb *fundo*, to lay a foundation.

Then, if you are building a house, the stone and cement upon which it is to stand are fundamentals. They constitute the foundation of the house. If you are preparing an argument, you lay down certain statements or propositions as the basis of your plea. Those statements or propositions are fundamentals. Or, to take a still simpler illustration, if one is to obtain an education, the most fundamental thing of all is learning to read. That is, a fundamental is that upon which something stands, in whole or in part, as a foundation.

Now we pass naturally to the next question. What is this significant movement in the theological world which is passing under the name of Fundamentalism? In view of our definition, it must be a system of belief based upon what some one accepts as fundamental doctrines. And that is exactly right. A certain school of theologians have agreed upon a set of dogmas which they believe are fundamental; and upon these they have built a dogmatic system called Fundamentalism. They have narrowed the word and specialized it. Their use of it rests upon a totally false assumption, as I shall presently endeavor to show. But before going further we need to know what these doctrines are which men have called the Fundamentals.

Fundamentalism is, first, *a system of doctrine.* It rests upon certain old dogmas which most of us have thought were safely dead and buried long ago. These dogmas have been called up out of the darkness of the Middle Ages, revamped and regalvanized into life. Stated in a sentence, they are the essential doctrines of five hundred years ago, to which has been added the doctrine of the imminent second coming of Christ in the flesh, the trampling down of his enemies in a sea of carnage and blood, and the setting up of a material kingdom of heaven upon the earth, over which he shall reign as monarch from the throne of his father David.

Let us see what those essential doctrines of medievalism are. First, that the Bible is literally and doctrinally without error, and that its every statement must be accepted as literally true and without human interpretation. It is assumed and asserted that the Scriptures are an infallible authority, not only in things spiritual, but in history, science and miracle as well. Second, that man was specially created, and that his creation was according to the account of it given in the first chapter of Genesis. Which means that the Fundamentalists, while conceding that other and inferior forms of life *may* have been evolved from lower forms than we see to-day, will not concede that anything like that ever happened to man. Man is a special creation; his body was not evolved from lower forms of life. Third, that the whole human race is totally depraved by nature. This means that the sin of our first parents in Eden involved all their descendants in its guilt and its consequences, from which none can be saved except by an infinite sacrifice of expiation. Fourth, that forgiveness and salvation are found only through the vicarious atonement by blood, which atonement was made by Christ on the cross. But the benefit of such atonement can be claimed only by those who accept a fifth dogma, which is that Christ was immaculately conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary, without earthly paternity. For without the assumption that Christ was very God, his atonement on the cross is without efficacy. And, sixth, that all the "unregenerate," meaning by that all who do not accept these dogmas, will be ultimately and utterly damned from the presence of God forever.

There are other incidental doctrines, but these are the principal ones. *These are the fundamentals.* And one must accept them in all their crass literalness to be a Christian. If one does not accept them, no matter how beautiful or unselfish a life he may live, his soul is marked for damnation. But if he does accept them, conduct is a minor matter, for always there is the vicarious atonement, the infinite merit of a slain sacrifice, to fall back upon. In other words, not conduct but *belief* is the essential thing.

But Fundamentalism is more than a system of doctrine. It is also *a spirit.* Such crass dogmatism always begets a corresponding spirit of intolerance. So we find the devotees of this system very intolerant. So much so indeed that they would prohibit all re-

search and inquiry that might tend to overthrow their dogmas. This is an essential part of the Fundamentalist propaganda. They would forbid the teaching of any science that is out of harmony with the literal story of creation as recorded in Genesis. They mean to put utterly under the ban the teaching of the theory of evolution as a working hypothesis in education; and they would require from every teacher a confession of faith in the "fundamentals." From this it is only a step to compelling the geography-makers to teach that the earth is flat—for that idea is clearly implied in the Scriptures.

Now the next question arises. If these dismal and tragic doctrines are *fundamental*—and they may be!—they are fundamental *to what?* Certainly not to the teachings of Jesus, as we shall presently see. They are not fundamental to anything that is distinctly Christian. They *are* fundamental to medieval Orthodoxy. Excepting their dogmas about the Bible and the second coming, these are the very basis and framework of medieval Orthodoxy. Their doctrine of a verbally infallible Bible is of a somewhat later date. It was formulated during the first century after the Protestant Reformation, to take the place of the Catholic dogma of an infallible Church. But none of them is fundamental to Christianity, if by Christianity you mean the essential teachings of Jesus.

This is the type of doctrine and this is the spirit that are threatening to rend all evangelical Christendom in twain and make a new cleavage in Church affiliations. This is the propaganda that is attacking our traditional freedom of thought and expression, and has instituted in our schools and churches a new form of intimidation and terrorism.

"Fundamentalism" Not Christian

Now, speaking from what I believe to be a Christian standpoint, I assert that every one of these dogmas is spurious. Every one of them is *un*christian, if not actually *anti*-christian. They misrepresent both the letter and the spirit of Christianity. And by Christianity I mean the principles of life that Jesus taught, and the spirit of life with which he vitalized them.

Let us be specific. Jesus said nothing about an inerrant Bible. The Bible he knew was the major portion of our Old Testament. He had a noble appreciation of its worth, and he prized it highly as the great literary and spiritual monument of his race. He read it with a sympathetic spirit, and he made it the theme of many of his discourses. But he did not worship it, for he knew it was not infallible. Some of its teachings, precepts which the Jews regarded as sacred, he flatly contradicted. One only I shall quote. "Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies." Now the reference here is to a precept in the Old Testament. Jesus declares that the teaching is wrong, not scientifically or historically, but *morally* wrong. Five times in one chapter he makes similar direct contradictions. (Matt. 5.)

Jesus never said anything about a special creation of man. He probably shared the common ideas of his day on that point. But his spirit of open and fearless investigation of all things, a spirit which incurred the wrath of his enemies, welcomed every new truth, no matter if it overturned every dogma known to men. The word evolution had never been heard of in his day, and it is folly to invoke his words in support of it or against it.

Jesus never mentioned the doctrine of total depravity. That theological horror was utterly foreign to him. That dismal dogma was the product of a degenerate age that had perverted his message and made it a spiritual nightmare. The doctrine of total depravity includes little children, innocent babes in their mothers' arms! They are all lost, assert these gloomy theologians, condemned to destruction because of the sins of their fathers. But what did Jesus say? He took the little ones tenderly in his arms, and blessed them, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Jesus never knew anything about the dogma of his own miraculous birth. His contemporaries knew nothing about it. That idea is the product of a later time. But, surely, if it is a fundamental doctrine of Christianity, Jesus himself should have known something about it!

Jesus knew nothing about a vicarious atonement. You will search his recorded words in vain for any hint of such a thing. Paul and the later theologians built up that idea on the old symbology of the Jewish sacrifice.

Of endless torment Jesus never said a word. It is true that he spoke of age-long punishment, but the word he used never meant endless. It always implied a limit in time. It is true that he spoke figuratively of the fires of Gehenna as a symbol of cleansing and discipline. But what were the fires of Gehenna? They were literal, smoldering fires, never extinguished, in the valley of Hinnom, just outside of Jerusalem, where the offal and refuse of the city were consumed. And Jesus used them as symbols of a long process of soul purification. But the pagan idea of endless, purposeless torment was never in his mind.

And men have the intellectual obtuseness or the moral hardihood, or both, to call these tragic, intolerable dogmas of medievalism Christian fundamentals! They are a kind of theology, it is true, but not Christian theology. They are associated with a type of religion which has called itself Christianity. But it is a Christianity with Christ left out! Just last week I listened to an address an hour long by one of the teachers of this perversion, and he did not quote one word from the lips of Jesus. He quoted Genesis, and Daniel and the Revelation; he quoted Paul and he quoted Jude; but not a syllable from the lips of the Saviour of men!

The Fundamentals of Jesus

But all this has been by way of clearing the ground. We must now address ourselves to our specific theme. What are the *Christian* fundamentals. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this question. And we must find the answer. We can refute this spurious fundamentalism only by knowing what the real fundamentals of Christianity are, and insisting upon their constant application in human life.

Let us turn to the Sermon on the Mount. Many great sayings of Jesus are recorded elsewhere, sayings

which we can not afford to overlook, such as that priceless cycle of parables in the fifteenth chapter of Luke. But the heart of his whole message is found in that matchless summary contained in the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of Matthew. So I assert that we need not go outside the Sermon on the Mount to learn the true fundamentals of Christianity. But, let me say again, by Christianity I mean *a life*, not a system of dogmatic theology.

It is interesting to note that the fundamentals of Jesus, as here laid down, fall under seven main heads. Among the Jews, seven was a sort of magic number. Seven, and multiples thereof, always symbolized fulness, perfection. For example, Jesus says to Peter that he should forgive an offending brother seventy times seven times. But that perhaps has no particular bearing in this case.

The introduction states the salient ideas of the sermon in crisp, epigrammatic sentences. Each one has a barb to it, and it sticks in the memory. Eight of them we call the Beatitudes, because they all begin with the same word in the Latin version, the word rendered into English as *blessed*. Then the fundamentals are elaborated in some detail.

We are first assured that *good-will among men is essential to a happy society*. Jesus always insists upon direct methods in our dealings with one another, and here is a good example of it. (Matt. 5 : 21-26.) His thesis is that the spirit of good-will must eliminate grudges and wipe out differences between men. And he would have *any one* who is aware of any ill-feeling in the heart of another go right out quickly and try to remove the cause of it.

You remember the illustration he uses. Even if a man is about to bring his offering to the altar, and, at the last minute, remembers that some one has a grievance against him, he must put down his offering and go out and make peace if he can. A very direct method, indeed! Let us see how it would work with ourselves. In a general sense, the Jew bringing his gift to the altar was the same as one of us going to church to worship. Now suppose each one of us who is on bad terms with some one else should suddenly be reminded of that while entering the church door some morning, and should resolve to do as Jesus directed—go out and settle the quarrel. The congregation that day would be pretty slim, I imagine. But, oh, what a houseful might be expected the next Sunday!

The second fundamental is *a clean personal life as the basis of social health and happiness*. (Matt. 5 : 27-32.) Jesus does some searching work here. He deals radically with some of our most powerful motives and impulses. He goes to the heart and lays bare its inner, secret thoughts. Adultery, he declares, does not consist merely in the overt, forbidden act, but in the impure thought of the heart. It is a concrete application of the wise old saying from the Proverbs, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Guard well the gate, he says, if the temple of thought is to be undefiled.

Thirdly, Jesus declares that *love is the only solvent of our social problems*. (Matt. 5 : 43-48.) As used here the word love means the same as our word good-will, when the idea of good-will has been intensified and vitalized by the consciousness of human brotherhood. It was in dealing with this point that Jesus contradicted the Old Testament injunction to hate our enemies. He bids us love our enemies. Such love is to be patient, long-suffering and strong, like the never failing sunlight that shines upon the evil and the good, like the impartial rain that falls upon the just and the unjust. Such love reaches out to all men, regardless of place, color or condition. It demands that the disciples of Jesus shall exceed in their spirit of brotherliness the formal righteousness of the scribes and the publicans.

Jesus makes *sincerity* his fourth fundamental virtue. He insists upon the putting off of all pretense. Hypocrisy is his pet aversion. No matter how degraded and sinful any one was, if he was honestly and sincerely repentant, Jesus had a heart full of sympathy for him. But hypocritical self-righteousness he could not abide. You remember the illustrations he uses, and he uses them as horrible examples. (Matt. 6 : 1-18.) He would have his followers be not like the hypocrites who, when about to give alms, cause a trumpet to be sounded in the streets that people may witness the generous deed. He would have his followers be not like those who pray loudly on the street-corners and in the synagogues, to be seen of men and to gain a reputation for sanctity. But quietly, modestly, secretly, he would have his disciples do their good deeds and offer their prayers.

His fifth cardinal virtue is *trust in God*, and faith in the essential goodness of God's universe. According to the report we have, Jesus develops this point at greater length than any other. It is here that he speaks so eloquently of God's care for the lilies of the field and the birds of the air. (Matt. 6 : 19-34.) Only let men be as true to their mission in the earth, and they will be cared for just as faithfully. Nor does he leave us in any doubt as to our mission. It is to realize the kingdom of God in the affairs of men. It is to establish the reign of peace and good-will and justice. And those who seek *first* this noble ambition, making all other interests secondary to it, will have all other needful things *added* unto them. It is a plea for single-mindedness in doing the will of God in the earth.

Though it is stated in a semi-negative form, the sixth fundamental is a *generous spirit*, and the will to refrain from harsh and unjust judgments. As touching our every-day life, nothing is more essential than this. The spitefulness of men in attributing mean and unworthy motives to one another is the cause of endless bitterness and suffering. It is the deadly venom in all common gossip. It is the poison that blasts many a fair reputation and breaks many an innocent heart. Here we find that striking figure, half humorous and playful, of the mote and the beam, the man with a section of a rafter sticking in his own eye soberly trying to remove a bit of chaff from a neighbor's eye! Let us judge ourselves, says Jesus; that will give us plenty to do.

Last of all is a plea for the spirit of research and free inquiry. (Matt. 7 : 7-23.) Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. By this road come all truth and knowledge. Jesus was himself a pioneer investigator. By it he made himself a heretic in the eyes of his contemporaries. He inquired into the causes of things,

he challenged the authority of tradition, he defied the power of prejudice. It cost him his life, but it made him forever the captain of every free spirit. Any propaganda, by whatsoever high-sounding name it may be known, that presumes to close the door of free inquiry is essentially anti-christian. Yet Jesus is careful to warn us not to accept any and every word that comes to us claiming to be truth. Be not credulous and easily fooled, he says. Look for the fruits of the doctrine, whatever it be. Does it make life cleaner and stronger? Does it make the conditions of life easier? Does it stimulate thought and encourage progress? Does it make men more kind and forgiving and helpful in all the relationships of life? Then it is a good doctrine. It is Christian! It is fundamental! Accept it, and live it, and be the better for it.

But, some one hastens to ask, does not everybody, religious workers especially, agree that these seven virtues *are* the fundamentals of Christianity? They do not; the great majority do not. I can relate an interesting incident to prove the point.

Last January our township Sunday School Association sponsored a verse-learning contest as a feature of the convention. One hundred Bible verses were assigned, the statement to the public declaring that these hundred quotations included "the fundamentals of Christianity." I went through the list with great care to see what the compilers of it evidently regarded as Christian fundamentals. Now bear in mind that these Sunday School workers are representative church people of our community, earnest, sincere and zealous in their good endeavors.

All Bible scholars know that the first three Gospels, known as the Synoptics, were the earliest narratives of the New Testament written, and reflect most faithfully the ideas of the generation nearest to the Master himself. It is therefore to be expected that the fundamentals will be most clearly stated in them. Now let me give you the analysis. Of the one hundred verses, twenty-four are from the Gospel of John, and only twenty-three from the Synoptics. The Gospel of Mark was the first one written; only three of the hundred are from Mark. Eleven are from Matthew and nine from Luke. Seventeen are from the letters of Paul, and eleven from the Old Testament. But here is the most significant fact of all. *Not one verse* is from the twenty-third Psalm, precious to the heart of every Christian. *Not one* is from that matchless epic of love, the thirteenth of First Corinthians. *And not one* is from the Sermon on the Mount, not even the verse containing the Golden Rule. Yet the persons who compiled this list, Christian people every one of them, declare that it contains the fundamentals of Christianity! Do we need further evidence that Christian people generally have not yet learned what the real fundamentals of Christianity are?

Good-will, cleanliness, love, sincerity, trust, generosity and the spirit of free seeking—it is the testimony of the Founder of the Faith himself that these are the fundamentals of his gospel. So we close where we began, with the text. Every one that heareth these words of mine, *and doeth them*, shall be likened unto a wise man, who built his house upon the rock. *And doeth them!* That is the keynote of it all. It is not a question of belief in dogmas; it is a question of spirit and conduct day by day. That is the point upon which we must everlastingly insist, both in theory and in practise.

We are facing a tremendous struggle. Let us find strength to meet it in the solemn words of the Master, near the end of the immortal sermon we have been studying: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven."

Out in the Big World

XVI "Which Enrich or Despoil Us"

John van Schaick, Jr.

NOT long ago a group of men in Washington sat out in the moonlight talking of the strange changes which come to men from single acts or trifling incidents the significance of which are not realized at the time they happen, and especially of some of the changes made by the war.

One had been reading "The Mountebank," by Locke, and spoke of the circus clown who in that novel became a great Major General of the British Army; and of the dizzy fall when the proud Major General was demobilized and forced back by poverty into the hard lot of the clown.

Another spoke of Coningsby Dawson's novel, "The Little Kingdom Round the Corner," which took much the same theme and described a valet in England who likewise, through real merit, rose step by step in the army until he became a Major General and was strangely mixed up in the love affairs of a noble lord, his former employer, studied politics, and entered Parliament.

In the company was the late Logan Waller Page, the distinguished engineer and Director of the United States Office of Public Roads. Himself a Virginian, he told a story of a fellow Virginian which excited and interested him so much that he made a journey of some length to investigate it and verify the strange facts, which he then proceeded to relate. In broad outline this is the story:

Back in 1914 when the war broke out, there was a young doctor living in Petersburg, Va. He was not long out of medical school, he had just opened his office, he had little but his books and a few instruments. Grubbing along, waiting for patients, just making a living, he saw one day in a newspaper an advertisement which said in substance that the Imperial Russian Army needed doctors and that those interested might communicate with the Russian Consul General in New York.

The young doctor took a sporting chance and wrote to the Consul General offering his services.

In due time came a formal acknowledgment ating that the offer had been received and forwarded. Months passed, he had forgotten the incident, he was ust as poor and struggling as ever, when to his amaze- ient he received a letter from an officer of the Czar n St. Petersburg notifying him that his Imperial Majesty had received his tender of services, that his Majesty was pleased to accept, and that if he would rite to the representative of the Russian Govern- ient in New York at the address enclosed, he would e given instructions how to proceed.

Half doubting, he wrote as directed. Back came n answer promptly, saying that it was correct, and hat if he would come to New York on a date and rain specified he would be met by a courier and con- ucted to his suite on a steamer so that he could pro- eed to his post.

It seemed like a fairy tale, but he packed his in- truments and books, said good-by to his friends and tarted off.

In New York he was met as promised by a courier vho treated him with the greatest deference, bowed ow before him as if he were royalty itself, and con- lucted him to a hotel. This courier and other rep- esentatives of the Russian Government made all rrangements, and in a few days escorted him to a teamer, where he found that he had indeed "a suite," nd where he was told that he would be met by another ourier at a neutral port in one of the Scandinavian ountries.

So out of the port of New York sailed the young loctor of Petersburg, Va. And in due time he landed t the neutral port, where he was met by a courier vho bowed even lower before him, took him to the est hotel, waited on him and told him that he would e given passage on the first ship available to run the lockade of German submarines, very active there, and land him in St. Petersburg.

This dramatic and exciting voyage also was made. He disembarked at the port for St. Peters- burg. There he was met by an officer of the royal household with the limousine of the Czar himself and taken to the palace.

To his intense surprise—almost consternation—he was received by the Czar in person, who welcomed him, presented him to the royal family and told him that he was pleased to appoint him director of such and such a hospital a few miles from the city. The young doctor naturally had never been director of a hospital, and knew little of such a job, but he had his nerve with him.

As one of the men in the group that night re- marked, "I take it that several of us have had to tackle new jobs in the past few years for which we have had little preparation but nerve."

At any rate, the young doctor went at the task. The first thing he did was to order that all the per- sonnel of the hospital should come before him that he might see what he had to depend upon. So, in a long line, they filed before his desk—doctors, nurses, or- derlies, chauffeurs, cooks, laborers—and as they passed he took their names and wrote them in his book—only if the name was Ivanovisky he wrote it Ivan, and if it was Mariowitch, he wrote it Mary.

Toward the end of the line came a girl with an unusually intelligent and interesting face—a nurse—by whom he was much impressed. He got better acquainted with her, she gave him loyal support and her suggestions seemed to him very wise. A strong attachment grew up between them.

With no idea how he was succeeding, he plugged along with his hospital for a few weeks, doing the best he could. Then one day came a letter from the Czar, stating that his Imperial Majesty had heard of his success in the work and in recognition of his services was pleased to confer upon him the Grand Order of this or that decoration.

To make a long story short, he went on with the work and finally married the girl. Again to his amaze- ment, in this "Arabian Nights" kind of an experience, he discovered that he had married a relative of the Czar, had acquired all kinds of titles and honors by the marriage, and that he was endowed with copper mines and oil fields and great forests and estates in the south of Russia.

Then came the Revolution, and in the Revolution the frightful massacre at Erkaterinburg just west of the Ural Mountains, of the Czar, Czarina, their little son, four daughters, and faithful doctor, valet, cook, and chambermaid—and all over Russia the death or flight or exile of the ruling classes into which the doc- tor of Petersburg, Va., had moved. And where is the doctor to-day, or where is his wife, or what has hap- pened to them—or where are the copper mines or oil fields or forests or great estates—no man knows.

There are stories of tragic death, of long suffering and struggle, and also of miraculous escape, yet to come out of that vast continent only slowly emerging from the mists of its awful isolation.

A reasonable suggestion made by Mr. Page to account for the strange action of the Czar in taking this unknown doctor of Virginia was that the letter of the doctor came from Petersburg in the United States to St. Petersburg in Russia, and that the superstitious monarch was influenced by this fact.

At any rate it all happened substantially as I have told it. Just why or how, or what is the moral, I don't know.

But it all will happen again. I am not predicting war or revolution. I am simply saying that this is a world full of mystery and of perpetual change. With all of its tragedy, it is a fascinating universe full of forces of which we are just getting hold. With all of its free will, there are mighty tides and currents which bear us on.

In our group listening to the story there was the practical man who keeps his feet on the ground and he said this:

"The doctor made his choice. He walked down the street, perhaps on a night just like this, and he stopped at the corner and dropped a letter in a box. He deliberately offered to go to Russia in war time. It was up to him. I think he did right. But if we don't want the consequences which follow dropping letters into mail boxes, don't drop them. We are re- sponsible for our acts. We have to learn to weigh what we do. Only experience gives us foresight."

The noise of the city came up to our roof garden as from a great distance, the moon rode high in splendor, there was a silence over the group.

Then the man not so practical got up to go and said: "I accept my responsibility and I know we are all free to decide, but sometimes I wish we could see clearer earlier in life. There are simple little acts like picking up a discarded newspaper, mailing a letter, walking home the back way instead of the front, which alter life completely for a man or his friends. The soldier lies down on the left hand side of the road instead of the right and the shell falls on the right, or *vice versa*. Trifling decisions are so full of destiny."

We had moved up to the borders of the realm where we have to walk by faith and not by sight. With all of our belief in freedom, with all of our insistence upon boldness, self-confidence, constant effort, disregard of consequences, with all of our scorn of fate, there is need for those other majestic petitions of the liturgy:

> "By all the mysteries we have not fathomed; by the sovereignty of life and the certainty of death; by the change and decay of all things temporal and the immortality of things that can not die. . . . strengthen thou our grateful confidence.
>
> "By all thy dealings with each one of us; by all the chances and changes which enrich or despoil us; by the hopes and the fears, the successes and failures, of this transitory life, teach us to lean on thee and trust thy tender care."

Front Porch Studies

WHEN the world is aflame with the miracle of autumn it is a good time to hitch your wagon to a star and go cavorting over the hills, far away from the dull and lifeless city, into the riotous joy of this North Country, when that deft little artist, Jack Frost, touches the forest with his magic wand, glorifying the somber and commonplace as he spills his box of colors over the tops of the trees, to run trickling down through the branches and gather in a casket of mosses among the rocks, all filled to overflowing with gold and rubies and amethysts. How poor are the rich who stay in the brick and stone cells in the big cities; how rich are those of the open mind in the open country, where living jewels come on the inexhaustible current of the seasons to ransom us poor mortals from the captivity and slavery of our sordid nature!

The lure of the wide-open was greater than I could resist, and so I rigged an airplane motor to my Front Porch and one sunny day tuned up for a flight away from the land of man into the land of God.

That I do not know the first thing about airplanes, never having been up in one, not knowing the difference between volplaning and a nose-dive, makes absolutely no difference with my magic porch, nor with me; accidents with it and to me are purely illusions of the mortal mind, and a plunge to earth may be the simplest and pleasantest way to heaven. Anyway a plunge into a New England autumn is sure to give one a foretaste of heaven.

I was astonished to find how readily and skillfully I controlled my aerial craft. But I have noticed how much more reliable and efficient are these machines of my imagination—and cheaper too—than the products of the Ford factories. There are no tires to puncture, and—if you will receive this without making it personal—I furnish my own gas, generating it as I go!

That is the reason I sailed away in my tenth story porch out over the flat roofs and flat people, the sn oking chimneys, smoking men, and, alas, smoking women, away to the uncontaminated regions of the fragrant woods. Across the once free and untrammeled, but now walled-in, Charles River I flew, nearly getting "bumped off" by Bunker Hill Monument, but, being up in my early American history, I skillfully avoided the danger, remembering that there was where General Warren fell, and having no desire to share his fate—yet! Beyond there was the Mystic River, nothing but a repository for ships old and new, and a something for men to build bridges over. I sometimes wonder if that is not the chief object of rivers, something to build bridges over! A little way up, the Mystic changes to an innocent little stream, coming back to its own, with soft banks and caressing grasses, and the trees creep back to sit on its shores and dabble their feet in its waters.

But I am off for the hill country, and all the way temptations pull hard, for here and there are great splashes of color. But I know where I am going to glory! And, traveling fast, I soon see the rounding dome of Massachusetts' only big mountain, save one too far away for a morning call. And I recall how, not far away from old Wachusett, there are other hills, not quite so high, but upon which the hand of beauty has been laid to crown them with charm.

I know where I am going, and I follow the state road, though of course far above it, passing towns and villages and cities which, if they have not outgrown their sense and sentiment, are all decorated with the banners of autumn flung out with mad extravagance. But my goal is beyond, up and up to where a little town rests in the hollow summit of a young mountain, then on and on, headed right into the mystery of the forest. At last what is little more than a trail makes off to the right and leads to an old broken-down gate, which I have no need to open, being above such things, and beyond there is a wood-road, which presently pinches into a foot-path leading down and down a long hill, and at the bottom there is a lake, a real New England lake, the kind that lies in a recess among the hills, which is there just because it is, and that is an all sufficient reason. This lake is shut in with a wonderful frame of forest trees, and there on that hillside where I could possess myself of beauty unmeasured, I volplaned, or nose-dived, or something or other, and came to the earth, where, with good old Dr. Watts, "I could sit and sing myself away to everlasting bliss."

There may be more beautiful places on this earth, perhaps it is only a matter of taste, but in my many journeyings, when I would bathe myself in glory I just think myself out on that hillside, in the autumn, with the lake glowing in the sunlight, beyond fold on fold of earth rolling up into the big mountain, and the whole wide landscape but one vast burning bush, pour-

ng down like a flood of flame to be extinguished in the ippling waters of the lake.

It made me hold my breath in awe—so much of eauty and so little of man to see it, a large and shin- ng symbol of the bounty of God. It made my heart lad, and I think the heart of God must have been glad oo; I could seem to hear Him laugh at this gorgeous anorama He had flung across the hills to confound he little folk who worry and fret because they think hat sometime His benevolent bounty will be exhausted.

I looked closer, and there on the edge of a clump f dark evergreens—big trees they were, reaching ack into another generation—using them for a back- ground, there stood out like a pulsing flame a humble talk of sumac waving its crimson leaves, their bright- ness intensified by the somber background, and the evergreens illuminated by their light. Over on one side some birches were dripping gold from their branches, and the maples beyond were kaleidoscopic in their coloring, while creeping along the ground through the mosses, the wild blackberry carpeted the floor of this great picture-house with rich maroons and greens.

It came to me as I looked that each tree and stump and creeper was beautiful in itself, but its divine mission was performed only in being a part of the whole. That little crooked, scraggly sumac was just as necessary to the *ensemble* as the lofty pine which made its background, and this world-prism would not be complete without the burst of glowing tints which crowned the symmetrical head of the maple. Each for all and all for each glorified the hills and made glad the hour to those who looked upon them.

Trees are so like people, or, rather, people are so like trees, each differing from all, and their difference is their glory rather than their shame. The little scraggly life that seems only worthy of the brush-hook will lighten the dark places where giant pines and oaks but cast a deeper shadow. Who shall tell which tree makes the autumn landscape, and which color makes the harmony of the whole?

But another and deeper shadow was creeping up from the horizon, in which one after another of the big hills and little hills was lost to sight, so I took to the air and flew home through the twilight.

F. A. B.

The Duty of American Christianity in the Present Chaotic International Situation

The Rev. Charles E. Petty

TWO preliminary statements may be made before plunging into a discussion of the whirlpool of international politics.

First: All laws, ordinances, edicts and compacts, yea even all constitutions themselves, are put forth and sustained by public opinion. That is, such human relations as are wrought into the fabric of civilization must be sustained by consensus of opinion. Sometimes the opposing ideals call for a show of force, as in all wars. Force itself is possible only as the people interested are impelled to use force by the same consensus of opinion. Upon this statement there can be but one opinion.

Second: There can be but one opinion on what Jesus taught about the unity of the human race and the work of the Church he established. The field of Christian activity is the world. Go ye into all the world. Of one blood hath God made all the nations for to dwell on all the face of earth. Christianity is as universal as the multiplication table and only needs to be appreciated to become as universal in fact as it now is in theory. I challenge any one to controvert this statement. Christianity should be made universal the world over; yea, it must be or we shall have continued indefinitely the present state of affairs. Unless the nations be agreed they can not walk together. And at present there can be no agreement of the ideals of Christ and Belial. It is Christ or hell. If America wants to have trade with the rest of the world disturbed all it has to do is go on as it is going now. If it were to vote for hell in internationalism the surest way to cast that vote would be to do what it is now doing. To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. And the fact that we flatter ourselves that we are doing the best thing we know only shows the depths of our stupidity. Ye can not serve two masters. He that is not for me is against me. He that refuses to get in and straighten out the tangle is guilty of keeping a tangle before us. He that will not prevent a crime is accessory to the crime. There is no ethical bimetallism in the teaching of the Christ and the economy of God. There can be no double standard of morals in a world united as our world is in and through the achievement of science. We must go back to the cave man for such a possibility. Here I stand. I can not do otherwise, so help me God. That is the challenge.

The situation to-day in matters international is about as delicate as it could be. And we must no longer hold our tongues. When President Wilson called upon America to be neutral while Europe settled the situation in that corner of the world, gladly did the vast majority feel that there lay our duty. A few outspoken souls refused to stultify vision. Being blind, we maintained neutrality for the first two years of the World War, to awake to the reality that Ideals know no neutrality. Then slowly we changed our opinion. And as soon as our opinion was made up we struck like a giant. And we had to get into the muddle to deliver the blow. We went to Europe to strike. That was the only place we could deliver a blow. Now the blow settled nothing beyond showing where opinion was strongest, where opinion had the best resources. A certain set of ideals called democracy got the opinion of the most resourceful and best organized section of humanity. That was what our gesture in world affairs actually proved.

But we immediately supposed that opinion would run on ahead without any stomach behind. That was barefaced fallacy. Our logic got a blow in the

solar plexus. No idea ever went anywhere without a soul to carry it. Righteousness does not walk the streets. It writes no sermons and editorials. It guards no banks and fights no battles for humanity. But right-minded men and women do right things, and that is all we discover when we go out looking for righteousness. Ideals must be backed. There is no way to insure the ongoing of American ideals in the affairs of the world apart from the ongoing of Americans in the affairs of the world. When will we see this? We are voting for hate and suspicion, for duplicity and exploitation, for spheres of influence and racial jealousy in the affairs of the world by remaining aloof from the world. These things we can stop. We can put a quietus on deportations of inoffensive peoples from their homes and we will not. God pity us in the day of judgment. We can stay the exploitation of backward people by rising in our might and saying to the bold buccaneers, Thus far and no farther shalt thou go. All we shall have to do is to line up as one man on these questions and speak emphatically. The world wants to know what we think. Let us think out loud. Do we want trade and commerce, travel and mutual understanding made universal? Then in heaven's name let us create opinion to go after them.

Turkey and England are at swords' points. Where lies international peace? In having justice done by just men made sober by experience. If Turkey is wrong we can learn it if we will. If England is wrong we can learn that just as easily. We must know who is right and who is wrong. Then we can talk with sense. Besides, we can not agree on anything but the right. We can start with faith in the right, and in human understanding of right. France and England are at loggerheads on how to go about settling the disturbed conditions. There is a right way and a wrong way. America is the only country quite capable of being an umpire. And we think that is none of our business. And the first thing is that we understand the situation.

France says: We must have security. We must be privileged to lead a peaceful life. That is France's right. Her nerves are raw and she sees double maybe. That is a condition perfectly understood. Germany invaded her territory and wrought incalculable damage upon the farms and homes, the industries and commerce of France. Justice says she should make restitution to the last penny that she is able to pay. Germany is well nigh broke, through her own wilfulness perhaps, and says she can not pay all that is demanded. France thinks she can. Now there is a way to find out just what she can pay. And it is again our opportunity to help. We refuse. How can we escape responsibility?

Over this question there is threatened another war of the Near East. France sees her demands lightly considered. That is a mistake all nations are making. England has great interests in Asia. It is to the interest of the world that England and others get into the troubled situation of Asia and help forward civilization. The whole world has a stake in having the right ideals established in Asia, near and far. It is apparent that somebody must get behind this movement. England is there and is willing to work there. Then we must see to it that her policies command the respect of the enlightened consciences of Christendom. But France refuses to help Britain because she feels that her own interests in Europe are lightly considered by Britain. There you have it. The old policy of dicker and trade is still the root of the trouble. America is in a position to introduce a spirit of comity and mutual well being. We refuse. Can any other conclusion be drawn than that we are responsible for failure where we can secure success?

When will we learn that we are a small island between two ponds and that the pond called Pacific is the center of the next five hundred years' work in civilization? India, China, all Asia and Africa, with untold natural resources hardly scratched, and teeming millions of human beings with the intelligence of ten-year-old children holding the scepter of government within their grasp and the destiny of the interlaced and interdependent nations of progress at stake. It is none other than the clashing of two outstanding ideas of civilization. We can not pull down the flag. We can not scuttle ship. We believe heart and soul in the principles of the Christ—in his international mind and heart. We believe in the weapons of his warfare—justice, truth, right dealing, brotherhood, service. Shall we permit a spirit of greed and exploitation to take captive the chancellories of the nations of the Pacific? Are we blind to the way civilization goes forward? Some one has said that civilization goes forward on a powder magazine, or something like that. No, it goes forward in conviction, in ideals, in brotherhood, and the powder is only incidental.

The clashing of interests blinds us to the beauty of the ideal. People generally want to do what is right. But they can befuddle themselves to believe that robbery is all right. The only fear they have is getting caught. They can steal a coal mine and pat themselves on the back and say that it is an act of divine providence thus to corner the resources of the earth, which they have not created and which have no value by their volition. Stealing from God. That seems possible in all good conscience. But it must stop. Selfishness and the love of creature comforts will never formulate a spirit of good-will in internationalism. The Pacific should have a pacific future. And that is quite possible from now on.

The possibilities must be seen if not foreseen. We must have a world view. We must cultivate an international mind among our people. We are at the parting of the ways and must now act with decision. Is the future of Asia and Africa to be under the spirit of brotherhood or under the old spirit of pull and pelf? American Christianity has a task such as it never had before. We must continue to send missionaries to those backward peoples. But we must respect the racial qualities of those people. We must enter their lives co-operatively and unselfishly. Our policies may or not be the best. Our methods may help or hurt. These things we must know. China and India have an ancient civilization of their own. What in each of these instances will survive and assimilate our ideals of brotherhood if given fostering care? That is the constructive way to help. We must give these people what they lack. We must foster what they have that will take our idealism. And it may be that we shall find that they have something to

ve the Western nations. They are not heathen alone. ney have some good points of character, which has en developed as all character is developed. This e must recognize and build upon.

The problems of the Pacific are, to my mind, the orld problems of the next fifty years or more. There urope, Asia and America are meeting, and there, I lieve, the next great chapter of human history will be acted. I ask myself: What will be the character of at history? Will it be along the old lines? Will be the old spirit of national and imperial domina- on which has been the undoing of Europe? Or shall e have learned our lesson? And that lesson is what?

Simply this: Faith in the power of the ideals we ofess. It is in enlightened conscience and an in- gorated conviction that we put our trust. It is the irit of brotherhood that will settle the future of the acific for peace. Who if not American Christians n create that spirit? And among those of America hat company of Christians should lead more reso- tely than those who believe in the Universal Father- ood of God? What is universal Fatherhood for if ot to secure a recognition of universal brotherhood in ll man's relations, political as well as religious, com- ercial as well as ethical, industrial as well as edu- ational?

China needs our outspoken sympathy. India eeds our cheer. Africa needs our service. But all ese must be intelligent and disinterested. Can we ave our narrow sectarianism behind long enough to nder these groping, stumbling and still yearning eoples a helping hand for our good also?

Let us do our duty and dare to act as the light is iven us to act. The field is the world. The good eed of the future harvests in civilization are the sons f the kingdom.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Paste and the Ink

ONCE upon a time there was an Editor who had upon his table a Paste Bottle and an Ink Bottle. And with these twain he edited.

And one day I went to see him, and I found him n Great Perplexity.

And I said, Heavy rest the cares of him who must uide the thought of a Vast Multitude of Readers.

And he said, Forget it. The care that resteth eavy upon me is this, that I have stuck my Pen so ften into the Paste and have thrust my Brush so ften into the Ink, I have forgotten which is the Paste ottle, and which is the Ink Bottle.

And he lamented with great lamentation.

And he said, I would fain write a Great Editorial, nd settle a Number of the Questions that Vex the Nation; but I have forgotten which is my Paste and vhich is mine Ink.

And I said, Thou art not so unlike other men as hou dost suppose. From the man in the Restaurant vho useth his Knife where he should use his Fork, to he fond mother who useth Sugar Plums where she hould use a Shingle, and on up to the men who andle the destinies of Nations, there is similar con- usion of thought. I have read Presidential Mes- sages which knew not whether to dip in the Ink or the Glue, and have heard Sermons which kept Sticking To It when they should have dipped the Pen in Ink and written, Amen.

Now this I considered, that Ink is a Good Thing, and Paste is a Good Thing, and the world is more or less full of a Number of Good Things; but that fact insureth not that any man shall always know which to use at a Given Time.

And I remembered that a Sage of the Olden time had said that there is a time for everything; and a Sage in modern times hath declared that Time maketh ancient good uncouth; and a great thinker hath said that Truth hath its own Statute of Limitations, and if not used becometh a Lie.

So I say unto the sons of men, Consider it not enough that thou hast Virtue and Truth and other Good Machinery. It is necessary that one learn Rightly to Divide the Word of Truth. And this law I lay down to him, who would think clearly and proceed with assurance:

Keep thy Pen out of the Paste Pot and thy Brush out of the Ink Bottle.

* * *

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN

No night in Heaven!—Ah, he did not know,
That worn old Eastern saint, the tender glow
Of summer evenings in the happy West.

He had not seen the sunset smolder low
Behind the larches on the far hill's crest,
Nor watched the rooks and daws fly home to rest.

He had not known the scent of new-mown hay
In dream-like fields about the close of day,
Nor seen the hawthorns by the May moon's light.

He had not envied lovers as they stray
About the dusky lanes, where, starry white,
The dog-rose throws her garlands for delight.

If he could know, as we, beloved, know
Twilight and harvest-moon, he too would pray:
"Morning and noon are good but night is best—
Maker of stars! Oh, give us back the night!"

W. M. Letts.

* * *

THE REV. J. H. BLACKFORD—AN APPRECIATION

The Rev. Sara L. Stoner

It was my joy and my inspiration to know the Rev. J. H. Blackford, of Eldorado, Ohio, for nearly forty years. I knew him as a friend and as a counselor. None were truer, none more helpful. In many respects I have never known his equal. With force of character, with definiteness of purpose, with Christ-like vision, his influence radiated for good, wherever he was known. He loved his fellow men. To him "the Universal Brotherhood of Man" was more than a creedal statement. It was a *reality*. Because of this fact, his voice was ever heard crying out against injustice and wrong of every sort.

Mr. Blackford was an inspirational preacher. God gave him a divine message and he translated it to his fellows with eloquence and with power. He never doubted the love of God nor the final triumph of good over evil, and so it was that through his own unquestioning faith, he intensified faith in others. He was religious both by nature and by cultivation. His pew at church was never empty. His Sunday school class knew that their teacher would be present. The young people felt that they

had a friend in "Brother Blackford." They knew they could depend upon him. *What a record!*

To know him was to love him;
To love him was to trust him;
His fourscore years, so free from sin
Helped a new era to usher in.
His was a mind so clear and strong,
His was a heart that spurned all wrong.
He knew no high—he knew no low,
This is why we loved him so.

Our friend's "going away," on July 6, 1922, was a fitting benediction to a radiant, hopeful life.

* * *

NEW MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN

The Board of Foreign Missions is glad to announce the receipt of a wireless message stating the safe arrival of our party of new missionaries in Japan. This party consists of the Rev. and Mrs. Clifford R. Stetson and daughter, and Miss Bernice Kent. They report a pleasant voyage and all happy at the prospect of taking up their new tasks. For the present they will all be located in Tokyo attending the Language School and getting accustomed to their new environment and work. Later they will take up their various tasks assigned by the Japan Council.

Once more the Board of Foreign Missions would call upon our churches to note this fact. The young people are responding to their Church's call with their lives, the churches must respond with their Japan quotas. We have reached the limit of possibilities on the present income for the Mission. The work can only be enlarged and other volunteers sent to the field by increased support here at home. Japan Month and Japan Sunday are approaching. Can we not make an offering this year which will encourage the workers overseas and make possible the acceptance of the larger opportunities before us in Japan?

* * *

DEATH OF DR. FRANKLIN J. DRAKE

The sad news given in the following letter will be a shock to the whole Church.

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

It is with sincere regret that I have to record the death of Dr. Franklin J. Drake of this city.

His body was found during the morning hours of Friday, Sept. 1, in his office, where he had for so long ministered much more than medicine to his many patients.

When I reached the city the afternoon of the same day, I found it staggered by the sad news; a sense of loss was expressed everywhere, a loss which I am discovering is profound, for the interests of Dr. Drake were manifold, and he was the life of everything he touched.

We of St. Paul's are asking who is to take his place, though we know in our inmost souls that there is no answer to the question, for he brought to his chairmanship his own inimitable personality.

For many years he has been the rallying point of this church; providing Faith, when Hope drooped her wings and enthusiasm waned, but all he was I can never know, for it is my loss never to have known him.

The funeral, which was from the home, was largely attended, and was conducted by the writer, assisted by the Rev. Otto Raspe of Waterloo, who drove up with Mr. and Mrs.Cropper, who came silent with grief at the untimely and unexpected loss.

The Legion escorted the body to the grave, where the Masonic lodge rendered their impressive rites with grace and dignity. A bank of glorious flowers gave their tribute to one who, like themselves, turned life's experiences into grace and fragrance.

He who saw through a glass—perhaps not so darkly as some of us— now sees face to face, and is enriched by beholding, being changed from glory unto glory.

George Wood.

Webster City, Iowa, Sept. 28.

A COMEBACK TO THE COMEBACK

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Being an editor myself, I feel sure of my grounds when I say I know you will be glad to hear from any reader who feels appreciative of your efforts to produce a paper that meets with welcome from a man more or less inactive in so far as preaching Universalism is concerned.

The *Universalist Leader* reminds me a great deal of the old-fashioned Sunday dinners our mothers used to prepare when folks were wont to go visiting in great troops on Sunday—or, to sort of localize matters, say down Little Hickory way in Fayette County, Illinois, where Rev. M. M. Hicks for nearly half a century has been preaching in the same spot that he was born upon. Little Hickory isn't exactly keeping up with the procession, if the world's lead is the *real procession*—which it may not be—but Little Hickory is Universalist just the same. They go to church and sit still and listen to *real Universalist* sermons by Mr Hicks that are landmarks to wondering souls who long ago rebelled against the fire-and-brimstone doctrine but who have to wait until they hear Hicks to know just what sort of religion theirs really is.

But what I started out to say was that the other week you printed a "Comeback" that fairly sizzled, and really sized up my idea in a way too. Then your latest issue contains one of those "Front Porch Journeys" that are meat and drink to those of us who are deprived of the privilege of attending Universalist services regularly every Sunday, like myself. Dr. Bisbee's weekly "Front Porch Studies" are worth while, and I for one would miss them. His method of preaching Universalism in them makes the best portions. I have often thought that the preacher who fills a pulpit weekly and fails to preach Universalism is losing the opportunity of his life and just marking time and practising a mental goosestep.

This brings me back to the "Comeback" letter of a few weeks ago. If the brother was preaching Universalism and this would not furnish his meat and drink—then indeed something must be amiss in his church, because Universalism *is* meat and drink, and he that drinketh from its fountain should never perish or be thirsty. But I am minded to say that if one is a Universalist minister, like myself for example, and hasn't any pulpit in which to air his Universalism, then he should go out into the highways and byways and give it to the hungry and thirsty as I am doing — for I venture the guess that I preach as much or more Universalism here in the State School for Boys seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, as any man in the Church. I thank you!

Fraternally yours,

Wm. D. Harrington.

* * *

SUCH STATISTICS NO SURPRISE

Some papers and persons seem surprised by recent publications of statistics independently compiled by Drs. Carroll, Laidlaw and Goodell, all showing that the churches of the United States are growing more rapidly than the population of the nation and that Protestantism is gaining faster in this country than the Roman Catholic Church. But there is really nothing extraordinary in this showing. Such has long been the fact in America; the percentage of church members among the population has progressively increased since at least the beginning of the nineteenth century. The next national census of churches will presumably come in 1926, and if matters had gone with the churches through the whole preceding decade as while the war was in progress, it might have been possible that the count of membership at the end would have shown some shrinkage. But the past year seems to have been so unusually fruitful of converts in the evangelical bodies that it is now quite within reason to expect the census four years hence to show even better percentages of gain than were exhibited by the returns of 1916, when Protestant churches were found to have added 23 per cent of strength net since 1906 and all religions taken together 19 per cent.—*Continent.*

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

OTHERS

Lord, help me to live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for—others.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for You
Must needs be done for—others.

Let self be crucified and slain
And buried deep. And all in vain
May efforts be to rise again
Unless to live for—others.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in Heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of—others.

Others, Lord, yes, others.
Let this my motto be;
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee.

C. D. Meigs.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE JAPANESE FIR TREE

I WAS born and grew up on one of the mountains of Japan. The children of a family who lived near by used to come to play near me and I was never tired of listening to their merry voices. There was one little girl that I loved best of all, but after a time she did not come with the rest, and I heard them say she had gone to a far-away city to go to school. Sometimes I used to wonder what this city of Tokyo looked like, and whether there were any little fir-trees there.

One happy day, I heard my little friend's voice again. She had come home for a vacation. With her father, she came up the mountain side to visit her old friends, the trees. Presently I heard her say, "It will be a beautiful gift to our dear Home to take some trees to them." Then she ran about looking at this tree and that one until she had chosen several, while her father began to dig up one and take it carefully from its place. To my great joy she came to me and said, "Oh, I must have this one, father. It is the dearest one of all." It was a strange sensation when they dug up my roots and took me from my place on the mountain side, but I bore it bravely for I knew now was my chance to see the world. Together with the other trees my little friend chose, I was carried down the mountain, we were all tied securely together and put upon the train. After a long and strange journey, we found a new home near a house very different from any I had seen before. I learned to know that it was called the Blackmer Home, and it was built by people from far across the sea. I soon grew to love my new home, and listened eagerly for the voices of my new friends. There was Fugi, who had brought me from the mountains, and many other girls about her age. Then there was Miss Osborn, whose voice was so low and gentle like our Japanese women, although I knew she came from the country across the sea. Miss Hathaway, too, often walked in the garden with the girls. Best of all, the little children played about us and called us their dear trees. The gardener took good care of us and soon we felt as if we had always lived in the Blackmer Home garden in Tokyo.

By and by, the summer was gone and the cold winter months came. I used to hear the children singing in the kindergarten, and sometimes the songs were about Christmas. The girls, too, would talk about Christmas as they walked near me, and I often wondered what the strange word meant. Then such a wonderful thing happened. Miss Osborn and the gardener came one day and talked a long time. "Really we must have a Christmas tree," Miss Osborn said, "but I am afraid to have you take up one of these beauties." "It will not hurt it at all," the gardener said, "for I know just how to do it." Then once more my roots were carefully moved, but this time I was placed in a great tub and taken into the house. It was such a pleasant room where they set me, and now the girls were about me all the time. They trimmed me with bright colors, and put a silver star on my topmost branch. Then they brought packages which they hung on my boughs and piled on the floor about me. All the time, as they worked, their faces shone with love and kindness, and each girl seemed to be planning some happy surprise for all the others.

At last, one morning the whole house was filled with voices calling, "Merry Christmas." Presently the little kindergarten children and their mothers came and crowded the room where I stood. Every eye was turned toward me, and I came near to bursting with joy and pride. The children sang again the songs I had heard them practising, and Miss Hathaway told them a beautiful story of a baby born on Christmas Day. I had wondered so much about that word, but now I came to see that it meant the day when a great gift had been given to men. All these dear new friends of mine knew the story, and that was why they had planned all these happy surprises for each other. All the bundles were distributed and opened. The children shouted with happiness and every face was beaming. It was the most thrilling day of my life.

When it was all over and all the gay decorations had been taken away, the gardener carried me back and set me again in my place in the garden. But the best part of all is this: Every year since then, I have been taken into the house to be the Christmas tree. I have not grown tall like my brothers from the mountains, but I do not care for that. Each year I

am the center of the Christmas joy. I have learned that the baby born on the first Christmas Day grew to be the best friend men ever had, and so all those who know about him keep his birthday with happy songs and generous gifts. I am proud, indeed, that I can be a part of the Christmas celebration. There are many joyous days in the garden where I live, but best of all is the time when I leave the garden for the house, and the little Japanese fir tree becomes a Christmas tree. If you should ever meet Miss Catherine Osborn, she would tell you that the story I have told you is true.

* * *

I'D GIVE A GOOD DEAL

I'd give a good deal to tread over again
The miles that are stretching behind,
To know all the smiles of the good folks of Then,
And the speech that was never unkind.
To dream all the dreams and to scheme all the schemes
That the head of a small boy can do,
To start splendid ships upon wonderful trips
And patiently wait for them, too.

I'd give a good deal could I only go back
To the boy that I was over there,
When life stretched ahead in a wonderful track,
And I knew not the station of Care;
When I knew not the bad and the sordid and sad,
When vice hadn't entered the scene,
And life was a joy to a barefooted boy,
And never a thought was unclean.

I'd give a good deal could I only return
To the marvelous things that I planned
And yearn as a small boy of old used to yearn
The plaudits of all to command.
To stretch out and gaze with wide eyes at the blaze
Of the wood on the hearth, and to see
My plume shining bright in the thick of the fight
That some day was going to be

I'd give a good deal to tread over again
The miles that are stretching behind
To go back to the wonderful country of Then,
Where never a heart was unkind.
To start anew as the boy that I knew,
With his visions of splendor still bright,
With his courage untamed and his body unmaimed,
And the plume on his helmet still white.

Robert Freeman, in the Continent.

* * *

THE UMBRELLA AND THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND

The article Don't Lose Your Things When You Shop that appeared recently in the Family Page of the *Companion* has led a contributor to relate an amusing experience that she once had with an umbrella.

I had always, she says, lost umbrellas almost as fast as I could buy them, and so in despair I took to buying as inexpensive ones as I could persuade myself to carry. One season when I had bought and lost three medium-priced umbrellas I saw some beautiful ones at a reduced price. One umbrella in particular impressed me, but even at the reduced price it cost more than I wanted to pay. However, I decided to buy it and to put into practise some of the psychology that I had been studying. When I reached home I sat down with the umbrella in my hand and scrutinized it thoroughly—formerly I never had kept one long enough really to become acquainted with the looks of it. Now as I studied my new umbrella I said to myself, "This is mine. I can not afford to lose it. I will not lose it. I will always remember to reach out my hand and take it; if I am busy with something else, I will use my subconscious mind. If any one else picks it up, I will see it and claim it. If I happen to leave it for the moment, my subconscious mind will jog my memory, and I will go back for it immediately."

Over and over I repeated the words, or words much like them; then I put the umbrella away. Later whenever I picked it up to go out, I would charge my subconscious mind to look after it for me; I seldom forgot to take it with me as I went from store to store. Several times I did leave it on a counter, but each time my mind seemed to jog me, and, going back, I always found the umbrella where I had left it. Once I recognized it in the hands of another woman, who immediately released it to me when I asked her politely whether it were her umbrella.

My family, who had laughed at me when I told them that I was going to use my subconscious mind to keep my umbrella, have ceased to laugh, for now, six years afterwards, I still have it!

At the end of the first season that I carried it a friend who had made fun of my method said that she had noticed that I seemed to reach out my hand involuntarily and take my umbrella whenever she saw me lay it down. Since she was a close friend, I admitted that I had done just that, and, moreover, that I must have reached out my hand at times when I had left it at home, for besides my own umbrella our hall rack held three others for which none of the family could account, and for which we have never found owners!—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

THE BUSIEST WOMAN

A very famous woman has come to visit the United States. She has arrived, we are told, "practically incognito." There is a great deal of difference between "practically incognito" and just plain "incognito." The former are immediately interviewed and tell their right names. It is so in this case. The visitor is Viscountess Rhondda, and she is often referred to as "England's busiest woman." Undoubtedly she is a very busy woman, for she inherited her father's great fortune and business responsibilities; also, she has been trying to gain admission to the House of Lords, thus far without success. But we doubt if she is England's busiest woman. If she were, she probably would not have time to visit the United States, even practically incognito.

It would be difficult to discover who is England's busiest woman, or America's busiest woman. It would not be of great importance to find out, anyway. We lack a satisfactory definition of "busy." We usually think of a busy person as one who is altogether useful, and as one who is in constant activity. Yet a good deal of impetus has been given to the human race, and the welfare of the world's soul has often been well served, by those who dream more than they act.

Here in this country most women are busy. A harsh reformer has lately been sowing poisonous seeds in the minds of such women as will listen, by urging them to eliminate apple pie from the family pantry. If she succeeds maybe women will be less busy, but not more useful. We yield to no one in our admiration for the excellence of women's claims to an equal share in the world's responsibilities, and we are by no means critical of them even in their most energetic competition with the sometimes but not always stronger sex; yet we believe that the concoction of apple pie is one of the noblest pursuits of female humanity. If the women cease to make apple pies, men will have to make them, for apple pie is one of the inalienable human rights (coming under the heading "pursuit of happiness"). But men are not natural pie makers.

Any woman who keeps house is busy. This is one of the facts that no man ever can understand. When the family goes away for the summer and he has the house to himself, he does little housework. It is not apparent to him that the balance of the world is in any degree upset by his abstinence from such activity. Maybe the woman who runs a house, a husband and ten children, with no hired help, is the busiest woman in the United States. There are many of her—modifying the number ten. We would not undertake to say how her usefulness in the world compares with that of Lady Rhondda.—*From Whiting's Column in Boston Herald.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Oct. 7. Indiana Y. P. C. U. Convention, Oaklandon.

Oct. 8. Illinois Y. P. C. U. Convention, Joliet.

Oct. 12. Wisconsin Convention, Wausau.

Oct. 14-15. Minnesota Y. P. C. U. Convention, Rochester.

Oct. 17. Michigan Convention, Concord.

Nov. 19. Evening, Milford, Mass.

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AMONG THE MANIACS

"The largest and best in years" was the comment on the Maine State Convention held in Auburn this week. I was able to be present only on the first two days, but this was enough to catch its spirit.

The Convention of the Young People's Christian Union came first, and there was a surprisingly good attendance of the young people themselves, considering the fact that Unioners outside Auburn and Lewiston had to miss school in order to be present.

One of the most gratifying features was the attendance of ministers and others, not of the number of the young people themselves. There was evident interest in the activities of the Church of to-morrow, and this is one of the best signs of vitality in the Church of to-day. It is small wonder that in those places where the young people's sessions are attended by almost none of the older people, or where the young people are practically crowded off the program, so far as a time of meeting at all convenient to them is concerned, these young people should take little interest in the work of the Church.

This applies equally to conventions and local churches. It is hardly to be expected that the young people will be loyal to an institution which does little to arouse and foster that loyalty. Conversely, where that interest is shown, the young people respond gladly, as they are doing in Maine. There is every reason to expect steady progress along all lines of Y. P. C. U. work in the Pine Tree State this year.

The Convention showed its wisdom in calling to the presidency one of the ministerial new comers to the state, Rev. Harry F. Shook, of Brunswick, who a few years ago was vice-president in Illinois.

* *

MORE MINISTERS

I have been impressed with the number of young men who have been transferring their ministerial fellowship from other Churches to ours. Several of them have recently settled in our Maine parishes. News comes from other states of similar occurrences. There are at least some indications that the Fundamentalist agitation is bearing its natural fruit, and that the clear-thinking, conscientious young men, who feel that they can no longer remain in the old fellowships, are seeking one that is broad and free. Ours is the task of helping them to feel at home, and to make a real part of our family.

Every little while word comes to me of young men in the South who are considering the Universalist ministry as a life work. Some of them are ready to enter college; others have not had even this much educational advantage. Our theological schools are in the North, which is a long way geographically and psychologically from Dixie. It has always been our experience that a large proportion of our ministers come from small town and rural parishes, such as are most of those in the Southland. Many have come from those places where denominational lines are strictly drawn and where of necessity there has been considerable emphasis upon what Universalists believe.

If we are wise, we will look to our Southern churches for more ministers, proportionately, than from the North, and we will seek out there the young men of ability and promise who are or can be fitted for the work.

And as a part of this we must do one of two things: develop at Chattanooga or Camp Hill or somewhere else the school of which Dr. Shinn dreamed—a Southern training school for Universalist ministers—or provide some means of financial assistance which will make it as easy for these young people from the far South to attend our Northern schools as it is for the young people who live not far away. The former is the better way, for no financial aid will purchase a ticket for the psychological journey from Texas to New York.

* *

A GOOD Y. P. C. U. MEETING

Only rarely do I have an opportunity to visit a real Y. P. C. U. devotional meeting. Usually I am invited in advance, the decks are cleared, and there is nothing to do but to listen to the Director. But it was different last Sunday night. Quite unexpectedly I dropped in at the devotional meeting of the Newtonville Union. There were seventeen present, which was good considering the size of the Union and the fact that some members were still away on vacations.

The meeting was led by one of the young men, and for this Rally Day meeting there was first a presentation of the different departments of Y. P. C. U. work by those in charge of them, and then a discussion about making the Union more efficient in training its members in Christian living and Christian service.

The first part was prepared beforehand, and well prepared. The papers were brief and to the point. Where a department superintendent or committee chairman could not be present, his paper was read by another. Any one who listened carefully would have a good idea of what the Union and its members should do and what the Newtonville Union proposed to do along these lines this year.

The second part was spontaneous. Three young men, besides the leader, and one young woman spoke. (Some people say you can't get the boys to talk in Y. P. C. U. meetings.) The minister gave a few words, well chosen, to the point, and as brief as those of the other speakers, which is wise if the minister does not want to set himself in a class apart from his young people. The Director was called on to make clear some of the missionary work of the Union and the ways in which the local society could help.

The meeting was not perfect. But there was self-expression of religious thought and purpose, and there was fellowship in worship. These make a good meeting, and the Director was glad to attend a regular devotional meeting of a local Union.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, Sept. 27.

* *

For the Quiet Hour

Remember that God is working for eternity, and has eternity to work in. It takes centuries to make an oak tree; things without worth complete their life-course in a day or a week or a year. As for yourself, have patience with yourself, for you are building up a character which shall have eternal worth. Have patience with God in the working out of His purpose, for He is making a kingdom which shall endure forever. . . . Be patient with other people, and out of the patient expectation try to help them.

James Iverach.

Man's sorrows are a mystery, but that sinners should not have sorrows were a sadder mystery still. And God pleads with us all not to lose the good of our experiences of the bitterness of sin by our levity or our blindness to their meanings.

Alexander Maclaren.

Oh. the unwisdom of our wisdom when it begins to doubt of conscience, when it tells us and reasons out to us that evil is not evil because it leads to good! Oh, the wretchedness of going wrong!

Maarten Maartens.

There is no misfortune like success in sin.

Isaac Ogden Rankin.

It is not from the few conspicuous deeds of life that the blessings chiefly come which make the world better, sweeter, happier, but from the countless lowly ministries of the every-days, the little faithfulnesses that fill long years.

J. R. Miller.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

RIGHT FROM THE PRESS

More and more our women are realizing the purpose and value of missionary literature. Requests for it are more numerous than ever before. On the other hand, this "standard tool" holds possibilities which many do not yet realize.

Several new leaflets have been published this fall and these are available for circulation in every church.

India

In connection with our study of India the following, by Mrs. Maude Lyon Cary, will be found helpful and stimulating:

"Light on the Lessons in Lighted to Lighten," suggestive programs for Circle and Guild meetings, 15 cents.

"India's Evil Trio," a playet, 3 cents apiece, 30 cents per dozen.

"Called by the Hopeless," a playet, 3 cents apiece, 30 cents per dozen.

"Perdita Gurubai," an impersonation. 2 cents apiece, 15 cents per dozen.

List of pictures of India (easily available), free.

Large map of India, 60 cents.

Pertaining to the Mission Circle

Helpful information relative to the organization and function of the Mission Circle will be found in these new leaflets, which are free: "The Mission Circle: Historical Data, Activities and Aims," "Suggested Constitution," "Duties of Officers and Committees."

Another, although not new, should be grouped with these, "Suggestions to Leaders."

In order to fittingly observe the opening of the missionary boxes in October a new "Thank Offering Service" (also free) has been prepared by Mrs. Attwood.

"He Is a Man, My Brother," that beautiful poem from "Christus Victor" XVI by Henry Nehemiah Dodge, makes an attractive leaflet for use in spreading the doctrine of universal brotherhood. This is free and will be welcomed especially by Post Office Mission workers, although it may be used to advantage in the home church.

"A Healing Prayer," by Rev. L. O. Williams, and a reprint of Dr. John Coleman Adams' "The Gospel for All Men" have been prepared with this department in mind also.

"The Missionary Dollar and What It Does," 2 cents each, 15 cents a dozen.

Japan

"From Far Japan," is a booklet (5 cents apiece) containing a word from Mrs. Alice G. Rowe, our new missionary at the Blackmer Home, also a number of photographs of the kindergarten children and girls there.

Another, "Our Workers in Japan" (3 cents apiece), gives us a picture of our missionaries (Miss Hathaway, Miss Kirk, Mrs. Rowe, Matsu Koyama and Miss Kent), together with a brief word regarding each one.

The announcement of these new leaflets will be of special interest to all Japan chairmen.

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A WORD FROM MISS KENT

Empress of Canada.
Sunday, Sept. 3.

"We are nearing our destination and as I am writing I think back over my voyage and how pleasant it has been. . . . I did so enjoy those messages from the little tots at Ferry Beach; it was one of the many bright spots in my trip. . . . I shall never forget the few days I had at Northfield, nor the spirit which prevailed there. It will be one of the lasting, happy memories of my 'latter American' experiences. I only hope I may be worthy enough to uphold that spirit 'over there' and to put into practise some of the things I learned at the conference."

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

WHAT ABOUT THE MASSACRES?

Innumerable questions regarding the Near East are just now being asked of those supposed to be familiar with the district.

"Do you believe that the Turks are doing all the things that the newspapers report?" Yes, and more.

"Are you surprised to have the horrors repeated?" Not in the least. The Turk has never wavered in his desire to exterminate the Christian minorities in Asia Minor.

"Haven't we wasted all the money that we have sent over for people who now are doomed to slaughter?" No. The orphans are yet under the protection of the American flag and are not likely to be attacked. They are the hope of the Near East.

"What can they do, if the Turks continue in power?" It is probable that by the time they come to maturity some turn in world politics will make it possible to protect them.

"Is the Near East, after all, of much importance in the world?" It is the gateway between the continents and it would be sad for us all if the district were unanimously Mohammedan.

"Should we continue to feed and clothe the Armenian orphans?" Yes; because recent persecutions our hearts should be the more tender toward these suffering fellow-Christians.

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USEFUL FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES

The Board of Foreign Missions has issued a small map of Japan with our stations marked. Copies may be secured for Sunday school classes by applying to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary. Large copies of this map may be made by any person skilled in drawing, to hang in the schoolroom.

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BRIDGEPORT IS NUMBER ONE

There is always considerable interest in regard to the earliest application for the new slogans. This year Bridgeport, Conn. is the first school to provide for 1923. The slogans are already printed but will not be mailed until December. Every superintendent and every pastor will receive an application card.

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MATERIAL FOR JAPAN LESSONS

The General Sunday School Association.

"What Every Universalist Ought to Know about Japan and the Japan Mission." An envelope containing twelve leaflets with a map and a set of questions to be answered.

"The Sunday School Share." An illustrated leaflet about our work at Shizuoka.

"Japan Lessons for the Sunday School."

((All free on application.)

The Board of Foreign Missions.

A one page leaflet with a map of Japan indicating our stations. May be secured in quantities for class work.

The Woman's National Missionary Association.

"From Far Japan." 12 page leaflet with illustrations. 5 cents.

"Our Workers in Japan." With pictures of the missionaries. 5 cents.

"Girls of Japan." With pictures of Blackmer Home girls. 2 cents.

Set of Japan pictures. 10 cents.

"The Missionary Dollar." An effective presentation to be given by ten children. 2 cents each, 15 cents a dozen.

The Universalist Publishing House.

A Japan Day service for Sunday Schools. Price 5 cents, $4 a hundred.

The Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Sheet of Pictures, "The People of Japan." Price 25 cents. Order of the Universalist Publishing House.

The *Universalist Leader* often contains invaluable material for those who would make our Japan Mission interesting to the young. Every Sunday school teacher should watch for such material and file it for use. Stories sometimes appear on the Family Page as well as news in the various columns. There is no excuse for the teacher or superintendent who presents our Mission in Japan in "the same old way."

Among Our Churches

Mid-West Letter

I have good reports from the preachers of this district. With few exceptions, everything indicates auspicious fall openings in all churches. I preached every Sunday through the entire summer except Aug. 27. A few of our churches kept open—but the majority closed for a vacation. * * **Chicago, Ill.**—St. Paul's had summer services conducted by Rev. John M. Grimes. Dr. Brigham spent his vacation in the West, and reports a wonderful time of rest and sight-seeing. The Redeemer was supplied all summer by Rev. Edwin Cunningham of Indianapolis. Mr. Cunningham took the summer course in the University of Chicago. The church at Oak Park took the usual vacation. Rev. James W. Vallentyne, the eloquent and hard-working minister, enjoyed a vacation in Ontario. The church opens up well. In a recent letter from Dr. Vallentyne, he says, "We are growing in many ways, and shall grow some more!" * * **Elgin.**—Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., pastor. This is a great church, and is always doing things. Just preceding vacation, thirteen new members were received. The fall opening is bright and encouraging. * * **Joliet.**—Rev. Walter Macpherson, pastor. In a letter just received from Mr. Macpherson he says: "Our church year opens with enthusiastic support in every department." That means much, for this is one of our great churches in the West. During the summer the main auditorium and Sunday school rooms were renovated and redecorated. The pipe organ was completely overhauled. Remarkably large audiences have appeared each Sunday since the opening. The Illinois State Convention is to be held here Oct. 9, 10, 11. * * **Peoria.**—Dr. Barlow G. Carpenter, pastor. This is a real church. I have scarcely ever seen a more active one. Dr. Carpenter somehow does things. His audiences run into the hundreds. His sermons are broadcast by radio. The city of Peoria seems to know this church is there. Wonderful church. * * **Hoopeston.**—Rev. C. A. Polson, pastor. Mr. Polson assumed the pastorate here last March. For the short time he has been in Hoopeston most excellent results have been secured. A gymnasium and shower bath have been installed in the basement of the church. The Sunday school is enrolling new pupils every Sunday. The big thing in this church is the Comrades. They expect to soon have a membership of 100. The church is solidly behind the pastor, and he is bound to succeed. * * **Sycamore.**—Rev. N. E. Spicer, pastor. The church had a two months vacation, during which time the church building was newly decorated and seats refinished. The parsonage was also newly painted. Mr. Spicer is greatly beloved by his people. * * **Stockton.**—Rev. William Garner, pastor. Mr. Garner is doing a fine work in this church. Sunday school and Y. P. C. U. are all alive and growing. That means success. The basement rooms have been newly decorated this summer. Mr. Garner writes that they have a wonderful opportunity and expect to make the most of it. * * **Clinton.**—Rev. M. G. Linton, pastor. Mr. Linton has christened five children this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Linton are exceedingly popular in Clinton, and are both in great demand in civic and social affairs. He is president of the Ministerial Association of the city, and also district trustee of the Kiwanis Club. He officiates at many funerals and weddings. The church is going forward successfully. * * **Hutsonville.**—Rev. Armon Cheek, pastor. Rev. Edward M. Minor is just leaving this parish and beginning his work at Marseilles, Ill. Mr. Cheek is making a fine beginning, and is well liked. He also preaches at Waltonville and Beecher City. Mr. Minor has done a constructive work in Hutsonville, and leaves the parish in good condition. * * **LeRoy.**—Rev. John S. Cook, D. D., pastor. Dr. Cook reports the Sunday school doing a fine work under the leadership of Mrs. A. J. Keenan. This alone, it seems, would signify future success in LeRoy. * * **Avon and Abingdon.**—Rev. William Gaskin, minister. These churches have been under the leadership of Mr. Gaskin for the last two years. Much has been done to build up the work in each place. In Avon we have a thriving Sunday school, also Y. P. C. U. Mr. Gaskin preaches Sunday evenings in Abingdon. At present Rev. Pliny Allen is holding services each evening, to be followed by a week of special meetings by the Mid-West Superintendent. * * **Galesburg.**—Rev. Pliny Allen, Jr., pastor. This is a live church. It has a live man for minister. All departments of the church are at work. They expect the best year in the history of the church. * * **Marseilles.**—This church begins a new pastorate, Oct. 1, under Rev. Edward M. Minor. Prospects look bright. * * **Monroe, Wis.**—Rev. Noble E. McLaughlin, pastor. This church was never in better working condition. Mr. McLaughlin is entering his thirteenth year as minister. He is very popular. The church has been repaired and painted inside and out during the summer. They have placed new carpet, new windows, and new pews, the latter of ivory and mahogany, and the pipe organ of white and gold. * * **Racine, Wis.**—Rev. Arthur W. McDavitt, pastor. This church is one of the strongest in the Mid-West District. Mr. McDavitt is a good organizer, and a real winner. He has received seventeen members this year, and christened twelve. He spent five weeks doing evangelistic work in Kentucky this summer, assisting Rev. Thomas Chapman. He had excellent results in that work, and he succeeds in his own church in Racine. * * **LaCrosse, Wis.**—Rev. Nellie Mann Opdale, minister. Mrs. Opdale has accomplished wonders here since the reorganization of the parish. She has been very sick recently, but is able to be at work once more. The church is standing by her, and the future of the LaCrosse parish seems assured. * * **Mukwonago, Wis.**—This church has been supplied with occasional services from time to time. They have a very remarkable Ladies' Aid Society. Another society known as "The Entertainers' Club" has co-operated with the Ladies' Aid in doing some very helpful material things for the Mukwonago church. Together they have installed electric lights, and water and sewerage connections have been made. These hard-working women put hard-wood floors in kitchen and cloak room and in other ways remodeled and decorated these rooms. Other repairs were made upon the church building, and added equipment paid for. I want other churches, especially in the Mid-West District, to know what this remarkable society has done. They have purchased a new piano, paid for hardwood floors throughout the building, and donated more than $100 to running expenses. All this with no settled pastor, only supplies occasionally. Hooray for these courageous Mukwonago women. * * **Wausau, Wis.**—Rev. William J. Taylor, pastor. The church was closed for the summer. The pastor spent two months in Europe. He has just returned, and the work opens up with much enthusiasm. I was present the opening Sunday, and preached. The State Convention will be held here Oct. 12-13.

Luther Riley Robinson.

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DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Oct. 9-11. Illinois Convention.

Oct. 11, 12. Minnesota State Convention, Rochester.

Oct. 12-13. Wisconsin Convention, Wausau.

Oct. 14-15. Ontario Universalist Convention, Olinda, Ont.

Oct. 16-17. Michigan State Convention, Concord.

Oct. 19. Public Meeting Massachusetts W. U. M. S., Waltham.

Oct. 19-22. Kentucky Convention.

Oct. 26-29. Florida Convention, De Funiak Springs.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Church News and Interests

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	1,777
Little Hocking, Ohio	3
Vernon, Vt.	4
Lowell, Mass., First	10
Total	1,794

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 795. Lockport, N. Y., 1. Vernon, Vt., 5. Henderson, N. Y., 1. Lowell, Mass., First, 9. Total, 811.

PERSONAL

Word has reached us of the death of Mrs. A. M. Peables of Auburn, Maine, on Sept. 8. Mrs. Peables was the widow of Dr. A. M. Peables, for many years prominent in our Church. Her daughter is the wife of Rev. W. J. Taylor of Wausau, Wis.

Connecticut

Bridgeport.—Rev. Hal T. Kearns, pastor. Rally Day was a great occasion with us. A fine congregation and splendid spirit. The occasion also marked the beginning of the fourth year of Mr. Kearns' pastorate here. Since he has been with us the church has made splendid progress. The membership has been increased thirty-two per cent. The Sunday school has been reorganized and has almost doubled in membership, largely due to the efforts of Mrs. A. N. Blackford, the pastor's assistant. A Y. P. C. U. has been organized and, though small, is doing good work. A Men's Club has been organized. Two substantial mortgages on the church property have been liquidated. The church is now raising twice as much money for current expenses and four times as much for missions and benevolences as it was three years ago. The outlook for the future is bright.

Danbury.—G. H. Leining, a recent graduate of St. Lawrence University and the Theological School, has taken charge of his first pastorate here. Previously Rev. E. B. Barber had supplied the pulpit, thus making it possible to continue church services without a permanent minister. Under Mr. Leining the people are rallying to the work of the church. There is renewed interest in all departments. An every-member canvass will be made on Oct. 1. The Ladies' Aid is hard at work preparing for the Danbury Fair, at which they maintain a lunch counter. By this means they realize a considerable sum of money each year. The Y. P. C. U. has laid plans for a Hallowe'en Party. They will also stage a play this winter. Music by a chorus choir of sixteen voices is becoming a delightful feature of our church services. In December this parish will celebrate its hundredth anniversary. A program worthy of this occasion is being arranged. Considerable attention is being given to the Sunday school.

Massachusetts

Somerville, Winter Hill.—Rev. Elbert W. Whippen, pastor. This church is gradually receovering from its bad shock of a year ago. The slow hard work of assembling the scattered parts is being undertaken manfully. Considering the threat of a changing population, the church is doing well. During the nine months of the present pastorate much material gain is to be counted. A stereopticon lantern permits lantern talks by the pastor and his assistant in church school. A substantial stage offers the physical property for dramatics—a vital part of church work. A coat of red roof paint protects the inner church and beautifies the outer building. In the summer months by the physical effort and energy of Mr. Beecher, assisted in part by Mr. Bradford (both trustees), much hard work has been done. The kitchen, the pastor's room, the clerk's room, and the lavatory have been introduced to cleansing paints, varnishes, and linoleums; the walls have been retouched, windows have been corded, wicker gates have been placed to protect the property from young vandals of the district. On Friday evening, Sept. 22, a reception was given to Mr. Whippen, during which pleasant evening a casket containing over two hundred dollars in gold was presented to him. A church calendar, just issued, offers an attractive program for the coming year. The church school opens with increased interest, more classes, and an enthusiasm which augurs success during the year. The fair will be Dec. 14 and 15, and plans are already well under way.

Beverly.—Rev. H. W. Haynes, pastor. During the summer extensive redecorating and remodeling has been in progress. The interior of the church building has been painted, the Sunday school room and the large hall below, known as Hathaway and Ballou Halls, have been redecorated. In the unused loft above Ballou Hall three fine rooms have been constructed, giving apartments for the kindergarten and the primary departments of the Sunday school, and a splendid room for the Hathaway Men's Class, also available for clubs and all sorts of small social gatherings. The pastor's room has been enlarged, and this and the new rooms are heated by an auxiliary hot-water system, making them available at any hour of the day or night throughout the week. One of our young men, Mr. Joseph P. Wallis, recently secretary of the Sunday school, Devotional superintendent of the Y. P. C. U. during 1921-1922, and first vice-president of the North Shore League, has left for Canton, N. Y., where he is to take the combined college and theological courses. Rally Day the church was filled with a large and enthusiastic congregation. Dr. Lowe message was read by Mr. Frank S. Cleave a layman who can be counted as himse being present every Sunday. There wer special exercises in the Sunday scho among which a member of the Y. P. C. U the Boys' Club, Campfire Girls and Blu birds, each told a little of the work an good times of his or her organization an extended a hearty invitation for new men bers. The pastor gave an Object Talk while the Hathaway Class for Men an the Ballou Class for Women enjoyed specia speakers and their new rooms. Sunday school attendance was about one-third above average, while the church congre gation was about twice the normal number

Melrose.—Rev. Lester L. Lewis, pas tor. This church reopened on the 10th o September with a fair attendance. On Sept. 17 the minister organized a Comrades class, and Mrs. Harold Marshall assumed the leadership of the Murray Class of young ladies, of which Mr. Lewis had been the leader. Rally Sunday was observed on Oct. 1. Everything is starting very encouragingly and much enthusiasm is felt for the coming year.

Cambridge, Porter Square.—Rev. L. R. Paige, pastor. Our church was opened on Sept. 10 and a good audience greeted the pastor. On Sunday morning, Sept. 17, Hon. Delcevare King of Quincy, Mass., vice-president of the Massachusetts Anti-Saloon League, spoke on the work of the League and subscriptions were pledged for the work. In the evening the new electric lighting system that has been installed in the vestries and entire lower part of the meeting-house was tried out for the first time and proved a wonderful improvement, meeting with hearty commendation. J. D. Tillinghast spoke for the board of trustees, showing finances in a satisfactory condition. Frank Lawrence spoke of the gratitude the society bore to Mr. Eustis for making the lighting system possible. Roger Hunnewell spoke for the Sunday school, Mr. Campbell, secretary of the local Chapter of Comrades, Mr. Moore of the Boy Scouts, Mr. Lang for the music committee, and Miss Bowers representing the women of the parish, added words of commendation The pastor told of many things for which the parish should be thankful and made an inspiring plea for renewed activity for the advancement of the church. Mr. Paige preached Sept. 24 on "Sources of Power." In the evening a large audience heard a sermon on "The Potter" and a discussion of these questions: "What does Universalism say about the life after death?" "Why do we send missionaries to Smyrna?" Mr. Paige has been again elected chaplain of Cambridge Royal Arch Chapter, and has been speaking at several outdoor meetings about Boston under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of Boston.

North Weymouth.—Rev. Roger L. Marble, pastor. This church reopened

pt. 10, after being closed two months for e vacation period. A goodly number eeted the pastor on the first Sunday. pt. 24 was observed as Rally Day in urch, church school, and Y. P. C. U., d good spirit was manifested in all rvices, so that we face the year before with good courage. Mrs. Bessie B. orrey, wife of Frank H. Torrey, passed way on Sept. 26, and the memorial ser- ce was held at the home, Sept. 26, Mr. arble officiating. Mrs. Torrey was a ithful attendant and worker in this urch for many years. For nearly a year e has been kept at home by the illness at finally claimed her. She died at the e of sixty-eight. Her memory will long e cherished by those who knew her.

Newtonville.—Rev. Clifford D. Newton, astor. The fiftieth anniversary of the unding of the Newtonville church will be served, Sunday, Oct. 22. At the morn- g service at 10.45 the anniversary sermon ill be preached by the pastor. Former astors and other speakers will take part the service at 7.30 p. m. The late Dr. ohn Coleman Adams was instrumental building the beautiful church which ands as a memorial to his idealism and onsecration. The church has been served y strong men, many of whom have made ames for themselves in the ministry. It hoped that friends of near by parishes ill show their interest and good fellowship y attending.

New Hampshire

Winchester.—Rev. Edgar R. Walker, astor. Services were resumed on Sept. 0 and all the activities of the church have tarted with indications of a successful ear. Rally Day was observed with large ttendance at all services, with a record ttendance at Sunday school. At a social n Sept. 22, the Y. P. C. U. tendered a eception to the school teachers of Win- hester. A series of Dr. Rose's illustrated ectures is being planned for this winter. Mr. Walker is to preach on Sunday after- noons at Vernon, Vt., and Ashuelot, N. H., nd is to give an address at the opening meeting of the annual conference of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association.

New York

Lockport.—Rev. William J. Metz, pas- or. Best Rally Day service during the present pastorate—large audience, fine music, including violin obligato by Norma Wilson, one of our Sunday school Juniors, nteresting and helpful sermon on "One Hundred Per Cent Universalism." Also christening of one baby. The Sunday school room is beautifully decorated and everybody was in his or her place. The annual Promotion Service was held, the superintendent giving certificates and Bible. Everybody was more than well pleased, foreshadowing bigger and better things.

Henderson.—Rev. Harriet E. Druley, pastor. After a month's vacation, we be- gan the fall work the first Sunday in Sep- tember. The small attendance the first Sunday has doubled. On the 16th the Ladies' Aid held a hash supper at White's Bay. The distance from town and the weather conditions made us extremely grateful for the $16 which we cleared. At the service the morning of the 17th one child was christened. Rally Sunday was observed Sept. 24. Prof. E. R. Miles of Canton Theological School, gave a fine address. After Sunday school a picnic dinner was served in the grove next the church. We had two losses by death in September. Mrs. Marion Seaton died Sept. 5. She was a most interesting woman. Her eighty-nine years were a "crown of glory." Funeral services were held from the home, the pastor conducting the ser- vice. Sept. 13, Mr. George Sprague passed away. He was sixty-five years old and had been in ill health a long time. He had been living with his sister in Cape Vincent. The body was brought to Henderson for burial, service being held at the grave. The Odd Fellows conducted the service, assisted by the pastor of the Universalist church.

Fort Plain.—Rev. Herbert Frank Moul- ton, pastor. Our church opened the first Sunday in September on the return of our minister from his vacation in Maine. This year the Mission Circle is to study the *Leader*. Readings from the *Leader* will be made each month, followed by a discussion. Our first church bulletin is out—"A Booster Number." Copies can be had of Mrs. Rose Kelsey, Reid Street.

Utica.—Rev. L. C. Nichols, pastor. The rallying of all the forces in the Church of the Reconciliation went on through the month of September. For the first Sun- day after vacation a special bulletin was gotten out, urging co-operation and an- nouncing the most catching sermon theme of which the minister could think. Things started splendidly from the first. On Monday evening, Sept. 25, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, on the anniversary of their wedding, gave an informal reception to the parish. This was a delightful affair and brought out the members and friends of the church in a get-together which stimulated interest in the church. The rallying of Sunday school forces is still under way. Much interest is manifested in the school. Plans to adopt the Murray Graded System are taking shape and the promise of a big men's class is evident. The Ladies' Aid Society is preparing for the big two days fair for the first week in December. The Mission Circle is most active. Everything promises a big year ahead. Fourteen delegates are scheduled to attend the convention in Syracuse.

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EDWARD BICKNELL

Edward Bicknell died at his home in Portland, Tuesday Sept. 12. He was born in Boston, Oct. 22, 1855, and was educated in the Boston schools, being graduated from the Latin School, Harvard College and the Harvard Law School. He was a member of Pi Eta and other college clubs. He practised law until going to Maine in 1900 on account of his mother's serious illness. He settled in Lewiston and later in Portland, and became a certified public accountant. He was a great lover of books and an eager student. In his earlier years he wrote considerably and one of his books, "Territorial Acquisitions of the United States," has had a continuous sale since its publication in 1904.

He was a life-long Universalist, a member for long years of the Columbus Avenue Church in Boston, and later of Congress Square Church in Portland. He was de- voted to his church and faithfully served it. He was beloved by all who knew him for the loyalty of his friendship, his generous willingness to serve and help, his kind, loving heart, his tolerant spirit and the inspiration which came from his con- tagious optimism and faith.

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MORE DOINGS

In addition to the "Doings of the Church" recently reported, Rev. Thomas Chapman tells us that we should have in- cluded a new church at Consolation, Ky., at a cost of $2,500 and the basement for a church at Rockland, Ohio, costing $2,000.

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MASSACHUSETTS CHAPTER OF UNIVERSALIST COMRADES

The Universalist Comrades are the "Tenth Legion" of the Universalist Church and as Caesar depended on his force of that title so our General Superintendent looks toward this new band of organized Universalist men to carry on to victory.

Do you not realize, Mr. Man, that your efforts become more effective when second- ed by a group of loyal souls working with you? Let us build up our church, fill the empty pews on Sundays, encourage and help the Sunday school, take some of the work from the pastor, interest new- comers in our church, and set forward the Kingdom of God.

There is a way to do this job well—or- ganize a Chapter of Universalist Comrades in your church and set every man to work. Write the officers of the state chapter to tell you about this new venture in the field of service in our church.

W. R. Thomson, President.

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Notices

INDIANA SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

Proposal of Amendment

At the coming session of the Indiana Sunday School Convention at Oaklandon in October, the following proposed amendment to the Constitution will be acted upon:

In Article IX change the words "shall be held at the same time and place as the Universalist Con- vention of Indiana" to "shall be held at a separate time and place from the Universalist Convention of Indiana."

Jessie Eubank, Secretary.

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IOWA FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

A letter of license for one year has been granted to Rev. George Wood of Blaine, Wash., lately a clergy- man in the Congregational Church.

O. G. Colegrove, Secretary.

ILLINOIS CONVENTION

The annual session of the Illinois Convention and other state organizations will meet at Joliet, Oct. 8-11, for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may properly and regularly come before it.

Joseph M. Tilden, Secretary.

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ALABAMA STATE CONVENTION

The Alabama Universalist Convention will hold its annual session at Brewton, Ala., Nov. 3-5. This will be the first meeting in the beautiful remodeled church building, and the people of the parish will welcome and royally entertain all visiting friends. Representatives of various denominational interests will be with us. Send name to undersigned for assignment of house. Come and bring others with you.

H. T. Crumpton, Secretary.

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GENERAL CONVENTION TRUSTEES

The regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 17-18, 1922, in New York City. Any matters to be brought to the attention of the Board should be in the hands of the Secretary not later than Oct. 10.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary.
176 *Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.*

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ILLINOIS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The parish at Hutsonville has asked for the ordination of its pastor-elect, Mr. Armon Cheek, and the parish at Litchfield has made the same request for Mr. Curt Conner. The Illinois Fellowship Committee will meet these two candidates for examination at Joliet Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 4 p. m.

Lewis B. Fisher, Secretary.

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MICHIGAN UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The Michigan Universalist Convention will meet at Concord, Oct. 16-17. Rev. H. J. Powell of North Carolina, Rev. L. R. Robinson, and Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., will be present. The Concord parish will gladly entertain all who come. Notify Mrs. A. J. Hungerford, Concord, Mich., in order to secure lodgings.

William Couden, Secretary.

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MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The license as lay preacher of Mrs. Josephine B. Folsom is renewed for a space of three years from Aug. 12, 1922.

Allen Brown, Secretary.

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VERMONT AND QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Transfer of fellowship of Rev. W. H. Skeels from General Convention, dated Sept. 9, 1922, accepted Sept. 20, 1922, by this committee.

George F. Fortier, Clerk.

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FLORIDA STATE CONVENTION

The Florida Universalist State Convention will hold its annual sessions in the Universalist church at De Funiak Springs, commencing Thursday evening, Oct. 26, and concluding with the Sunday services, Oct. 29.

The program can not be definitely announced at this time, but it is practically certain to have as speakers some of our leading denominational leaders.

A cordial invitation is hereby extended to friends and all Universalists to be with us at that time.

A. Arnold Ross, Pastor.

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NOTICE

Due notice is hereby given that at the next regular session of the Alabama Universalist Convention to be held in Brewton, Nov 3-5, an entirely new constitution will be presented for adoption.

Committee on New Constitution.

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W. U. M. S. OF MICHIGAN

The ninth annual Convention of the Woman's Universalist Missionary Society of Michigan will be held at Concord, Oct. 18, for election of officers, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before this meeting.

Mrs. J. M. Eddy, Secretary.

PUBLIC MEETING

Massachusetts W. U. M. S.

At the Public Meeting at Waltham, Oct. 19, the following speakers will be heard: Rev. Isabella S. Macduff, Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Berry, Rev. Roger F. Etz, speaker from Morgan Memorial to be announced, and Rev. Lester L. Lewis. Music will be furnished by Mrs. Florence B. Bent, vocalist, wtih Mrs. Luther Weston Attwood at the organ. A chorus of ladies active in the Universalist denomination will lead the congregational singing.

Mary E. Nye,
Chairman of Public Meetings Committee.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

At the September meeting of the Massachusetts Fellowship Committee lay license for one year was granted to Carl Hempel of Lynn, and the ordination of Charles E. Butterworth, pastor elect of Brockton, was authorized.

Harry E. Adams, Secretary.

* *

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

A dinner will be given at the American House, Boston, Monday, Oct. 9, at 6 p. m. The dinner is arranged by the Greater Boston Federation of Churches with the hope of obtaining sympathetic consideration of the question of industrial relations between capital and labor.

Speakers of note will present the viewpoints of three interested groups.

With the hope that members of the Universalist Club and friends will take advantage of this opportunity, and constitute a large group at the dinner, we offer a ticket while the supply lasts, at $1.50. Please forward your application to the undersigned.

V. A. Sears,
53 State St., Boston.

* *

Married

Cutler-Carpenter.—In Winchester, N. H., Sept. 20, by Rev. Edgar R. Walker, George Cutler of Amherst, Mass., and Florence Ball Carpenter of Winchester.

* *

Obituary

Miss Fannie I. Case

Miss Fannie I. Case passed away suddenly at Franklin, Mass., Sept. 2. She was born at Southold, Long Island, and was a member of the Universalist church there. She graduated at Dean Academy and thereafter made her home in Franklin. Miss Case took an active part in the affairs of Grace Church, Franklin, during the latter years of her life, being a teacher in the Sunday school and a member of the Y. P. C. U. and Mission Circle. She was one of the founders of the latter organization and most zealous in its charity work. Her generous and cheerful disposition won her a host of friends and she gave without stint to all who needed her assistance. She loved her church and was always ready to advance and to defend the cause of Universalism. For many years she has been a familiar presence at our various conventions where she always made many friends. She is survived by her mother, grandmother and two sisters. Dr. R. K. Marvin officiated at the funeral in Franklin. The body was taken to Southold, where services were conducted by Rev. Abram Conklin.

Joseph Morris Beagle

Joseph Morris Beagle, a member of the Oaklandon, Ind., Universalist church and one who lived the faith he loved, died on Aug. 13. He was born in Clermont County, Ohio, in 1844, and coming to Indiana, he was one of the pioneers who helped clear Marion and Hancock Counties. His son, Melvin A. Beagle, is treasurer of the Indiana Convention.

Funeral services were held at the church of which he was a member, Rev. Pearl M. Mock officiating.

Mrs. Era Moore Cummins

The death of Mrs. Era Moore Cummins of Rose Hill, Ind., brings great sorrow to all who knew her. She was married last January to Ralph Cummins and was at the time of her death only twenty years of age. She was a loyal member and worker of the Rose Hill church, as are also her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Moore. Of a happy and cheerful disposition, she was always helpful in home and church and in whatever undertaking she pursued.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Edward M. Minor, a former pastor at Rose Hill, and were attended by a large concourse of people who thus testified their love for Mrs. Cummins and their sympathy for her family.

Mrs. Susan Wood Hill Compton

On Sept. 9, Susan Wood Hill Compton, one of our isolated but faithful Universalists, died at Olney, Ill. She was born in Bullet County, Ky., in 1847. She was a loving wife and mother and a cheerful and helpful friend and neighbor. In early life she united with the Universalist church, and she and her husband, who survives her, though far away from any Universalist society, have lived and kept the faith of their profession.

Funeral services were conducted at her home by Rev. Edward M. Minor of Hutsonville.

William H. Jenning

In the death of William H. Jenning of Beecher City, Ill., there passed away a long and loyal Universalist. For many years he has been prominently connected with the Universalist Church and cause in Southern Illinois. Always interested in the work of the denomination, he was active in his support of the cause and regular in his attendance at church until failing health prevented. His home was always open to ministers and others of the faith, and the genial welcome which his guests received they always remembered. At the time of his death he was in his eighty-fourth year.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Edward M. Minor of Hutsonville, Ill.

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Applicant: "Couldn't you give me the job of keeping a record of them?"—*Karikaturen (Christiania).*

* *

Youth (by the sea): "You little thought a week ago that you'd be sitting on a lonely seashore with a man then unknown to you."

Maiden: "Oh, yes, I did."

"But, dear, you didn't know me then!"

"Of course not, but I knew myself."—*London Opinion.*

* *

Seton, aged eight, was spending Sunday in a certain hill town in Massachusetts. It was Children's Day, and he was taken to church by the good Congregationalists whom he was visiting. There, for the first time in his life, he saw babies baptized, and was much impressed by the ceremony. At the dinner-table that day he remarked, thoughtfully, with his queer little drawl: "I don't know whether I have ever been baptized or not, but it wouldn't do any good now, because it would all come off in the first hair cut."—*Congregationalist.*

* *

"I am afraid Jack's married life is not going to be particularly happy."

"What makes you think so?"

"I was watching the bride's family all through the marriage ceremony, and they looked too cheerful to suit me."—*Exchange.*

* *

The American youth's three R's are now: Readin', 'ritin' and radio.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

* *

"If you want to get rich from writing, write the sort of thing that is read by persons who move their lips when they are reading to themselves."—*Don Marquis, in the New York Sun.*

* *

Wife (to husband meeting her at resort): "Did you put the gas out before you left home?"

Hub: "Blest if I know. I can't remember if it was the gas I put out or the cat."

It's a universal worry, that—we mean the thought that we have overlooked something important before leaving home on our vacation. Her's a little dialogue on the subject from Sweden:

Wife (away from home): "Horrors! I forgot to turn off the electric iron."

Husband: "It's all right. Nothing will burn long; I forgot to turn off the water in the bathtub."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

Prospective Tenant: "I like the rooms, but the view from the front windows is rather monotonous."

Janitor: "Well, of course, mum, this is a flat, not one of them sight-seein' autos."—*Boston Transcript.*

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